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## Au Courant.

**R**EGISTRATION does not get much further. It appears that no musicians of standing favour it, while the great bulk of the profession are indifferent.

Sir George Grove, Dr. Mackenzie, Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. Villiers Stanford, and Dr. Turpin, are dead against it. The musical press, with the exception of one little weekly (weakly?), to whose vagaries we have several times called attention, laugh at it. Sir John Stainer, though he remains on the committee self-constituted to further it, does not see any practicable plan, and advocates a policy of waiting to see "what turns up." He hopes for a hint as to the right road from the report of the commission on secondary education, and until that appears he is of opinion that no steps should be taken. Sir John is such a charming man, his absolute fairness is so widely known and believed in, and his professional prestige is so high, that he is bound to be regarded as the most powerful member of the registration committee. It is certain, therefore, that the Committee will follow his advice, and wait.

COVENT GARDEN has been redecorated, and the statue of the late Mr. Frederic Gye has been whitewashed, a process which, as one of the critics has reminded us, more than once threatened the original during his lifetime. The vast space under the stalls, where "miles of old scenery and tons of properties and other stock" were stored, has also been cleared of its accumulations. A great deal of the rubbish has been destroyed, including the entire stock of Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, from which we are thus likely to be safe for at least the remainder of the century. It is a relief for which, I believe, we have indirectly to thank the much-abused County Council.

PROFESSOR VILLIERS STANFORD, tempted no doubt by recent notorious events, has taken up his pen against the musical critic, or rather, against the conditions under which the musical critic has to work. He says that the production of critical notices within an hour or two of a concert or an operatic performance is a "baneful oppression," and he declaims against the tyranny of editors in demanding such hot haste. In the matter of concerts there is some ground for Professor Stanford's complaint; but in the case of operatic performances at any rate the critic has ample time, by attendance at full rehearsals, examination of advance copies of the music, and so on, to prepare his notice. The exhausted and bewildered critic rushing to his office at midnight after the performance of a new opera and cudgelling his brains for a couple of hours is, I should think, a creation of the Professor's own fancy. If it were not, the remedy would be obvious: let the newspaper notice be ignored.

A GOOD story is told of Paderewski's recent appearance in Newcastle. Previous to the concert an enthusiastic admirer of the eminent pianist wrote to the local agent for two one-shilling tickets, saying that he and a friend could not afford to pay more, but were determined to hear Paderewski, notwithstanding that they would have to walk sixteen miles to reach home after the concert. The matter was reported to the pianist, who at once gave instructions that two good seats should be reserved for the musical pitmen.

THERE is some talk of Mr. Ebenezer Prout succeeding the late Sir R. P. Stewart as Professor of Music in Dublin University. There is no man better fitted for the post, for Mr. Prout has long since gained for himself something like a European reputation as a musical theorist. It is understood that the Professor is not required to reside in Dublin, and if this be so, it will make the post easier of acceptance to Mr. Prout should it be offered to him.

WE are not wont to look to Germany for humour, but a recent "Handy Lexicon of Music" proves that there is really a good deal of fun on tap in the Fatherland. Here is what we meet with under "Paderewski": "It is believed that Paderewski was not born, but that he descended from Mars. This is astrologically correct. Like Samson, he conquered by his hair, which made a golden halo round his face. His skill on the piano was only exceeded by his ability with billiards. The interest in him began by a discussion as to the pronunciation of his name, which is Polish, and not Irish. No pianist ever had such vogue; an audience over which his glamour had been cast was so completely Paderewskied that it forgot to be critical until a rival pianist appeared." Under "Bizet" we have the following: "Watts predicted his future greatness when he wrote—

How doth the little Bizet bee  
Improve each shining hour.

Bizet's great opera was *Carmen*, which has always been particularly popular among the brotherhood of locomotive engineers and the various associations of drivers and conductors." "Largo" is defined as "a technical term, sometimes confounded with 'Lager,' since musicians are fond of both. The confusion arose from the fact that funeral marches are generally written in largo time, and biers are naturally connected with funerals." The Lexicon is stated to be in its twentieth edition, but a footnote on the title-page disillusionizes one with this little bit of truthfulness: "The first nineteen copies are each reckoned as a complete edition. This is a French device!"

*Apropos* of the Jubilee performance of Mendelssohn's Wedding March at a recent Philharmonic concert, Mr. F. G. Edwards wants to know when the march came into general use at marriage services. It was included in the music performed at the Princess Royal's wedding in

the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on January 25, 1858, but this was nearly fourteen years after the music was published, and it is likely enough to have been used at nuptial ceremonies before the Royal wedding "set the fashion." Dr. Hopkins, by the way, says that he played the march from memory after hearing it, and before its publication, at an organ recital about a fortnight after the first performance of the work. Mr. Edwards remarks that this must surely beat the record. For my part, I should say the story ought to be taken with a grain of salt.

MR. HENRY T. FINCK, the author of a volume on "Wagner and his Works," falls foul of Mr. Joseph Bennett as a Wagner prophet. Mr. Bennett, it seems, has been declaring in effect that there is a reaction setting in against Wagner. Mr. Finck says it is all the other way, and in proof of the assertion he proceeds to dose Mr. Bennett with facts and statistics. But the best thing in Mr. Finck's letter is his suggestion that Messrs. Novello should "edit Mr. Bennett's notes," for Mr. Finck asserts—and probably he is not far wrong—that Mr. Bennett is practically "boss" of the *Musical Times*. Yet, in spite of his ire, the American critic is magnanimous. "We ought perhaps," he says, "to forgive Mr. Bennett on account of his age. He is sixty-three and has been a prophet of Wagnerian collapse so many decades, that a cure of the unfortunate habit must be well-nigh impossible."

A MEETING of the joint-committee of the Glasgow Choral Union and the Scottish Orchestra Company—now forming the Choral and Orchestral Union—was held the other day in Glasgow. A report was submitted by the manager on the arrangements for next winter. The season will extend from the end of October till the middle of March. It was reported at the meeting that Mr. August Manns had intimated that he could not see his way to take part in next season's concerts. There will be a very general feeling of regret at parting with Mr. Manns, but it was hardly to be expected that the Crystal Palace conductor would go down to Scotland to play second fiddle to Mr. Henschel.

THE Leipzig correspondent of the *Musical Courier* is not pleased with Madame Albani. A dozen years ago she was a great artist, but now she is "one of the most miserable wrecks imaginable." Not only is her once beautiful voice gone entirely, but her technique is almost on a par with her voice. She gave a concert recently in Leipzig, and the correspondent is ungallant enough to say that her breathing "sounded at times like the heaving of defective bellows." The tones that she can no longer produce as she once did she now endeavours to force in any way. Her trills are often totally devoid of rhythm, and when ended with turns, the turns are "veritable jerks." We think somewhat differently in England; but then we are told that England is not a musical nation.

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ONE by one the older of the musical critics are disappearing. Mr. Henry Howe, a son of the veteran Lyceum actor, has just died at the age of sixty-one. He was a member of the *Musical World* staff something like thirty-five years ago; and he has been the musical and dramatic critic of the *Morning Advertiser* for about a quarter of a century. For some years he was also the musical critic of the *Era*.

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EDWARD GRIEG, the Norwegian composer, has been made a Mus. Doc., Cantab. How many more functions of this sort are we to have while our leading English musicians are still without the barren honour? If there is any honour in the thing at all, it is not quite clear why such men as Sir Joseph Barnby, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and others of equal standing and ability should be passed over. The University authorities may be assured that people are getting heartily tired of these honorary degrees being conferred exclusively upon foreigners.

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GRIEG, by the way, has had his portrait drawn in pen and ink on the occasion of his visit to Paris. This is how he looks on the lady's canvas—for it is a lady who writes: high white forehead, long grey-blond hair, heavy moustache, in blue suit with short sack-coat, full student's tie, tan gloves, arms crossed over his breast, grey-brown eyes glowing with clairvoyant fires. Madame Grieg is a "tiny foreign-looking mite in black, a striking and almost exact duplicate of her husband." At a musical reception the lady "astonished and won all" by her intensely dramatic rendering of some of her husband's songs, he accompanying her on the piano. She showed herself an artist in declamation, and her voice was large and well trained.

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MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—now, by the way, relieved of the cares of his *Journal*—is concerned about the future fate of the 2,000 girls who, he alleges, are studying the violin at the Guildhall School of Music. The number is grossly exaggerated; but in any case Mr. Sala should be thankful that the girls are not studying the piano. He wants to know what substantial good the young ladies expect to get out of fiddling. "It is altogether improbable that as many as 200 of them will ever attain eminence as instrumentalists in that particular department; and instead of what is practically wasting their time in these days of incessant and merciless competition, girls should be learning things calculated to enable them to earn a comfortable livelihood." "G. A. S." is altogether too much concerned about the girls. He forgets that woman's ultimate destiny is to get married.

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SPEAKING of the Guildhall School, some new resolutions have been adopted in regard to its management, consequent upon the death of Mr. C. P. Smith, who was not only secretary of the institution, but was largely concerned in its direction. Sir Joseph Barnby is now to be chief in all matters connected with the School; and the new secretary, who is to have £350 per annum, without residence, will limit himself solely to secretarial duties. Mrs. Smith continues in her post of lady superintendent, and her salary has been increased from £100 to £200 a year. No doubt the next thing we shall hear is that Sir Joseph Barnby's salary has been augmented.

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WEIMAR, following the example of Salzburg in the case of Mozart, has now got its Liszt Museum. The collection, which has been in

preparation for some time, contains several of the autographs of Liszt's numerous compositions, the pianos on which he played, a few unpublished MSS., and about five thousand letters written by the composer to friends and others. The collection will, indeed, be particularly rich in correspondence, and it will contain letters written to Liszt by the Countess von Arnim, the Empress Frederick, Berlioz, Alexandre Dumas, Ferdinand David, Von Bülow, Ole Bull, Czerny, Cornelius, and J. W. Davison. The letters written by the English musical critic to Liszt, for whose music he did not profess to feel any great admiration, bid fair to be particularly interesting to English amateurs. It is a pity we could not have them printed: it would be curious if they were not entertaining.

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ACCORDING to the American journals Madame Melba is an adept at the catching of bouquets "on the fly." Somebody fired a small bunch of flowers at her from the Vaudeville box. Her left arm was engaged in holding up wreaths of roses, and as she saw the flowers coming she neatly stopped them with her right, although it must have been a "hot ball." Some one yelled "Out!" and the house roared. Even at an operatic performance it would seem that the national game is not forgotten. Melba is said to have been the most popular member of her Company this season. She spent her money liberally, and endeared herself to the members of the orchestra by putting her autograph on her photograph, with the name of the man for whom it was intended. That is the right way to get round the hearts of the sex.

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SIR GEORGE GROVE writes to one of my contemporaries to point out that in 1823 Beethoven was asked to compose an oratorio for the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. The great master appears to have thought well of the commission, although nothing ever came of it. In one of his note-books there is the following entry:—"Bühler writes, 'The oratorio for Boston?' I cannot write what I should best like to write, but that which the pressing need of money obliges me to write. This is not saying that I write only for money. When this period is past, I hope to write what for me and for art is above all—*Faust*." Then, in an article on Beethoven in a Stuttgart musical journal of date November 5, 1823, there is a notice of three projected works, one of which is the oratorio, with English text, for Boston. Unfortunately, neither at Vienna nor in the Beethoven papers preserved by Schindler could Mr. Thayer, the indefatigable biographer of Beethoven, find any further trace of the matter; and we must therefore conclude that it was never more than a project with Beethoven.

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MEYERBEER, in his last will, ordered his musical "remains" to be untouched for thirty years after his death. That time has now expired, and it is reported that among his papers is a nearly complete long opera, in which the young Goethe is the centre. Let us hope the work will turn out a worthy successor to *Les Huguenots*, though that is exceedingly unlikely.

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A LONG discussion has been going on in a Paris journal with regard to the effect, injurious or otherwise, that flowers have upon a singer's throat. The consensus of opinion among the opera-singers seems to be that certain flowers, notably tuberoses and mimosa, are particularly harmful. Madame Christine Nilsson mentions the case of a celebrated lady singer who, after "burying her nose" for a moment in a wreath of tuberoses, went on the stage to find that she

could not raise a note. The vocal chords had been temporarily paralyzed. A doctor was called, the flowers were thrown out of the window, and the singer, after her throat had been treated, was able to sing later in the evening. Miss Emma Calvé also upholds Madame Nilsson's opinion. The only flowers she ever admits into her apartments are roses and violets. The tuberoses are her particular abhorrence, not only because it suggests death, but because of its injurious effect on the voice. Upon entering a room where lilies are, she always wants to throw the windows open. Personally, she can exempt the violet from a charge of injury, but other singers have told her that it has been injurious in their case.

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AN amusing American writer tells the tale of his search after a pianoforte technique. He came to Europe, and this was his experience as told in his own language: "Berlin was my first stopping place; while there I made the important discovery that piano playing was considered only a secondary matter, and that without a method you were lost. Miss Fay's *Musical Study in Germany* had partly prepared me for such a state of things, and I soon became reckless, and went in for method. The strangest thing was that the piano players, like Moszkowski and Barth, had no method, but Deppe and Raif did have one real bad. I soon became discouraged, and went to Vienna. There matters were still worse: the Leschetizky method was being taught by proxy, and very few ever escaped it alive. A visit to Leipsic revealed much the same state of things as at Berlin; Zwintscher has taken the place of Plaidy, and Reinecke is too busy to pay much attention to his piano pupils. Stuttgart suited me better: all they ask of you there is to play silently, without producing a tone, for five or six hours a day during the entire first year. If by that time you are not a hopeless lunatic, they have great hopes of teaching you a Clementi sonatina by the time you graduate." The result of the whole business to this diverting writer was the conclusion that all the players had no method, and that, *vice versa*, the "methodists" could not play.

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M. EDWARD ZELDENRUST, the well-known Dutch pianist, has returned to London, after having achieved a brilliant success in Paris, *vide* special notice in the *Times* of March 2. M. Edward Zeldenrust will give one pianoforte recital only this season in the large Queen's Hall, on the evening of July 9, at nine o'clock.

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ROYAL roads to learning are common enough, but the worst of it is they seldom lead anywhere but to disappointment. The boldest thing of the sort we have heard of lately is the method of learning to produce the voice in a fortnight advocated and taught by an American gentleman who lately landed on our shores. He gave a concert recently, and brought forward some "pupils" who were supposed to have had no teaching whatever but a course of lessons (extending over a fortnight) from him. Unfortunately more than one has been known to concert-goers for years! Twenty guineas is the moderate charge for a course of lessons, and we hope the enterprising gentleman may get it.

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DR. MUNZINGER, whose portrait we give this month, is a musician of Berne, very well known to his countrymen. He recently came here with the Swiss Liedertafel, whose concert is reported elsewhere. He is an excellent conductor, but peculiar in that he uses no bâton save the right arm nature has given him.



## The Evolution of the Musical Degree.

"Dat de blockhead vant!"—HANDEL.

—:o:—

WE have travelled a long way since Dr. Crotch, as Oxford professor, examined and approved his own exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc. How far we have travelled since musical degrees first began to be bestowed, Mr. Abdy Williams has now made it possible for us all to learn. Mr. Williams' "Short Historical Account of the Degrees in Music at Oxford and Cambridge" (Novello) takes us away back to the shadowy days of the fifteenth century, and gives us a chronological list of all the graduates in Music from the year 1463 to the year of grace 1893. The degrees of Doctor and Bachelor in music are peculiar to the English Universities, being practically unknown abroad. Nevertheless, Mr. Williams has to admit that in the matter of a work on the subject he was forestalled, nearly a century and a half ago, by a German who, in 1752, issued a volume dealing chiefly with English musical degrees and graduates.

The learned German thought that even then we had some claim to be regarded as a musical nation. "Nowhere," he remarks, "has music received greater honour than in England, where, in London, Cambridge, and Oxford, not only has there been for a long time a special public teacher of music, but from ancient times England has given academical dignities in this art. It must not be thought, however, that a Doctor of Music is of little account, and the degree an empty title, or that it is easy to become such a Doctor. The degree is, on the contrary, far more difficult to attain than the highest honours in the chief faculties in German and other universities. A Doctor of Music in England is a person of great importance, and takes rank, with the Doctors in other faculties, above the ordinary esquire, or gentleman entitled to bear arms, and both he and the Bachelor of Music wear special robes of honour." Alas! how have the mighty fallen!

Mr. Williams concludes from his researches that musical degrees arose at a time when English music was in a very advanced stage of development compared with that of the continent, and English musicians in consequence took a high rank, not only among contemporary musicians, but among the learned men of the day. He also concludes that our universities gave degrees of an honorary nature, without requiring any examination or exercise, to eminent English musicians as marks of honour and esteem, rather than as mere "licences to teach." In course of time, when less eminent musicians began to supplicate for these degrees, the universities required some testimony as to the fitness of the applicant, and hence arose the need for the candidate showing that he had studied the art for a certain number of years. In return for the favour of granting the degree a composition was demanded, to be performed before the University, as an addition to the ceremonies at "Act time"; and this eventually became the much dreaded "exercise" of to-day.

Mr. Williams exhausts his subject very fully, devoting a chapter even to the origin of academical degrees in general. He goes over the earliest records connected with degrees in music, tells us of the course of early musical study at the Universities, about the establishment of professors of music, and so on towards the present condition of music at Oxford and Cambridge. His biographical notices of the

earlier graduates are exceedingly valuable, though here and there he trips, and some of his notices might with advantage have been fuller. Thomas Norris, for example, was not "born about 1745": he was baptized in Mere Church, August 15, 1741. On the same page there is a very meagre notice of Richard Langdon, which might have been much amplified by a reference to the "Dictionary of National Biography." Generally speaking, however, the notices are accurate and fairly complete.

In the course of reading one comes upon some curious items. In 1571, for example, there is a quaint decree referring to Bachelors of Music amongst other graduates. It is to the effect that any student bathing or washing in the river or any pond in the county of Cambridge shall be punished by public whipping by the Vice-Chancellor; and for the second offence shall be expelled the University. If the delinquent was a Bachelor of Arts, he was to be put in the stocks; but if he were a Master of Arts or a Bachelor of Law, Medicine, or Music, he was to be punished "according to the judgment of the head of his college." Whether the stocks were considered too severe or not severe enough we have no means of telling.

## Musical Life in London.

—:o:—

IT would be ungrateful for a musical critic to pass over the benefits he has received this month at the hands of the weather-clerk. The latter gentleman has been even unusually spiteful, with the result that many concerts have been so thinly attended that many others have not come off, the intending givers preferring not to tempt Providence, or, I suppose I should say, the weather-clerk. That musical artists will regard the thing in this light can hardly be hoped; but when they read this, may they become content, realizing that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good"! The (comparative) scarcity of mediocre concerts has been rendered even more agreeable by the presence of quite a number of really good ones. First in importance, of course, are the

### RICHTER CONCERTS.

As the conductor has to be in Bayreuth by the end of June, the series is an unusually short one. But Mr. Vert promises a short autumn season, which will enliven what is generally the dullest period of the year. One is always interested in Richter's conducting, and certainly not less so after hearing Mottl so recently. To be personal, I found myself comparing his appearance, his beat and his readings with Mottl's throughout the whole of the first concert. This was the programme:—

Vorspiel ... "Die Meistersinger" ... Wagner.  
Variations for Orchestra on a Theme of Haydn's, "Chorale St. Antonii" ... Brahms.  
Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad" (No. 1 of "Mein Vaterland") ... Smetana.  
Vorspiel ... "Parsifal" ... Wagner.  
Symphony, No. 6, in F ("Pastoral") ... Beethoven.

My readers may remember that Mottl's rendering of the *Meistersingers* overture did not strike me as being as good as others I had heard. After hearing Richter play it again, I am satisfied that he beats Mottl out of the field so far as that particular piece is concerned. Mottl led off at a big pace, and with immense dash. Richter starts in moderate time, with dignity and breadth. Now dignity and breadth

are just the qualities most needed in a musical picture of mediæval burghers and their parish pump—especially the pump. Consequently Richter scores a point at the beginning. Then later on the sudden introduction of "lively music," as the old playwrights used to say, to depict the fussy, pert, cheeky young 'prentices, makes a truly comic effect in contrast to the stateliness of Richter's opening; whereas with Mottl there was no contrast to speak of, and the effect did not come off. Other points might be mentioned, but these are the main ones, and with regard to them all Richter certainly comes off best. Those Brahms' variations were a weariness to the flesh. A cat playing with a mouse may interest some people. Pussy lets her victim go, catches him again, takes him into her mouth, lets him out, again arrests him, pretends to bite his head off, doesn't, pretends to let him go, collars him just as he thinks he is safe, and finally gives him the mortal nip. So Brahms plays with the sleek little theme of Haydn. He capers round it, giving it a knock on this, then on that side; makes it squeal in the melancholy minor; then rushes madly after it round and round the room; and at last, tired with the game and the innocent tune, puts it to a cruel death by using it as a fugue theme. He turns it inside out (inversion); stretches it to double its length (augmentation); squeezes it into half the proper space (diminution); and generally vivisections and puts it to all the tortures of the Inquisition;—all which feats are accomplished in cold blood and (as the Analytic Programme says) with "learning and technical skill." To treat a human being or a mouse so would be downright wickedness: how much more so a poor little theme that never did anybody any harm—for it has never even been printed! If you ask what the operation sounded like, I only say that I do not like to hear the victims of vivisection screaming in their agony. Of Smetana's "Symphonic Poem" there is little to be said. It is the lunatic music of a lunatic, and makes one wish the composer had been confined "in a lunatic asylum at Prague" before instead of after he had written it. The *Parsifal* prelude was finely given; and so was the *Pastoral* Symphony, with the exception that in some portions there was too much brute force, and never quite enough delicacy.

Overture ... "Leonora," No. 3 ... Beethoven.  
Werberlieder (Trial Songs) from "Die Meistersinger" ... Wagner.  
Overture ... "Carnaval Romano" ... Berlioz.  
Preludium from "Die Meistersinger" ... Wagner.  
Orchestral Suite, No. 1, "L'Arlésienne" ... Bizet.  
Symphony in C ... Schubert.

This is the programme of the second concert. It is beginning to dawn upon a few minds now—a conclusion arrived at by the present writer some years since—that Beethoven, despite the common cant, was not a great master of the orchestra. I venture to assert that he was essentially a pianoforte writer, as Handel was essentially a vocal writer. The big thunder-and-lightning effects he never gets, as Mozart, Wagner, and Berlioz get them; nor has his orchestral writing the solid and sustained brilliancy of Cherubini. His weakness is apparent throughout the Fifth Symphony, and in the Finale of the Ninth, where the splendour of the music makes one hunger and thirst for a satisfying richness and fullness of orchestral tone. On the other hand, he never wrote more finely for the full band than in the *Leonora*, No. 3, overture. The secret is that every part is alive. Instead of endless repeated chords, which make an effect on the piano, but not on the orchestra—and least of all in the wood-wind section—every instrument has its melodic part.



Consequently the orchestra sounds "busy"—we have the great mass of living tone to which Berlioz, Wagner, and even Cherubini have accustomed us. Even the general public feels it; and I fancy *Leonora*, No. 3, is becoming the most popular of Beethoven's orchestral works, not excepting even the evergreen *Pastoral*, though the cuckoo and nightingale are there to tickle the ears of the groundlings. On Monday, June 11, Richter certainly gave us a magnificently broad reading of the work (I mean *Leonora*, No. 3); and had he been tempted to yield to the seductions of the Encore Fiend, he had ample excuse. Berlioz's overture is like all his music—brilliant and startling, but absolutely empty. Why Bizet's suite should have been included in a serious programme is a conundrum which, frankly, I give up. Mr. Lloyd sang finely in the songs from *The Meistersingers*; and Schubert's symphony, with its curious mixture of irresponsible boyishness, mysticism, and enormous sense of the tragic, was given as sympathetic a performance as could be wished, even by Sir George Grove.

#### OTHER ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The poor old Philharmonic Society, in spite of its doctor's advice, insists on giving evening concerts as usual. Its chief complaint is dullness, which seems to be catching. It was at any rate caught by Dr. Mackenzie in time for the performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony at its concert on May 24. The rendering was strictly academical. But perhaps Dr. Mackenzie purposely repressed himself, that Grieg, who was present to conduct some of his own music, might appear the more brilliant. Anyhow, he *did* appear more brilliant, despite the fact that he has just been made a "Mus. Doc." by the Cambridge people, which shows that if a man be musician enough, even a "bogus" degree (*i.e.* a degree got without examination) is powerless to hurt his soul.

On May 26 Mr. A. J. Eyre took his "benefit" at the Crystal Palace, the concert-room being packed. Young Huberman, the prodigy, played; so did Miss Fanny Davies; and a number of other artistes sang.

On Friday, June 1, the Handel Society gave a concert in the Queen's Hall, the programme—including works by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Bach, Goetz, Gade, and, marvellous to relate, Handel (!), who was represented by two "fragments"—was on the whole sufficiently well given.

On the following Monday the Strolling Players Orchestra gave a concert in the same hall. Pieces by Delibes, Godard, Verdi, Gounod, Grieg, and Gluck and Wagner (to make the programme respectably classical?) were passably given.

Mr. Joseph Ludwig gave a rather dry orchestral concert in St. James's Hall on June 5, when a symphony of his own was produced, with some success.

#### RECITALS.

The most extraordinary pianist seen in St. James's Hall for some time is Mr. Sevadjan, "the Armenian pianist." One cannot help wondering whether they are all like him in Armenia, nor refrain from hoping that he is a special make. It was my fate to hear him play on May 24th, sundry pieces which the programme stated to be by Chopin. At the end of these I left the room, entirely mystified as to what it was all about.

On June 2 there were two recitals: Miss Chaminade's at St. James's Hall and Mr. Slivinski's at Queen's Hall. I elected to go to the latter first. Awakening from a gentle slumber half an hour after the proceedings should have commenced, I was alarmed to hear that Mr.

Slivinski had not arrived. Presently Mr. Newman came on, not as a substitute, but to announce that Mr. Slivinski "had been detained" and would play in a few minutes. Shortly after he mounted the platform and played, and before he had got through a dozen bars of Mozart's C Minor Fantasia I found him out. He had been to hear Chaminade! The evidence was overwhelming. First, he was late; second, no reason was given; last, he was evidently under the Chaminade influence—he played the Fantasia just as Chaminade would play it! Could anything be more convincing? It wasn't a very nice trick to play on the audience. However, as I have implied, the Fantasia was given prettily, superficially, and without the least understanding of its inner meaning, and (I am sorry to add) without much appreciation of its glorious beauty. The familiar "Harmonious Blacksmith" was scampered in school-girlish fashion, but there was no fault to find with Tausig's arrangement of Bach's tremendous D minor Toccata, except that it should not have been given at all.

The Chaminade is always very much herself. Her music appears to flow from her in a continuous web, of which she cuts off so many yards for a "Pièce dans le Style Ancien," so many for a soprano song, so many more for a duet for two pianos. It's all very nice, but all very much alike, and for my own humble part I weary of it rapidly. Wherefore I will merely report that the greatest favourite of the audience was the (of course) pretty song, "L'Anneau d'Argent," nicely sung by Miss Camilla Landi, and that a waltz for two pianos, played by Mr. Stojowski and the Chaminade, is a brilliant, noisy piece, which with any other name would sound as—well, I don't exactly know what—say, as Chaminadish. By the way, I hope my intelligent readers have grasped the fact that nothing but Chaminade appears on a Chaminade programme.

On June 11 Madame Sophie Menter recited on the piano in the Hall of James. Her programme contained not one great work, the nearest approach being Chopin's B Minor Sonata. This she played with the masterly technique and the absence of any feeling or sympathy with the composer that are her principal characteristics. The same may be said of her rendering of Beethoven's "Rondo" in F, which turned out to be the familiar Andante, written originally as the slow movement of the "Waldstein" sonata, and afterwards ignominiously ejected. In a Romance by Rubinstein and an Elf Dance by Sapellnikoff Madame Menter was more in her element. As for the arrangement by Liszt of the *Tannhäuser* overture—well, the less said about it the better. The pianist played it only fairly well, completely losing herself in one place.

Mr. David Bispham's Schumann recital on June 8 was one of the biggest successes of the month. It was a happy idea to give such a recital on the anniversary of the composer's birth—June 8, 1810, and the choice of artists was equally happy. First, there was Mr. Bispham himself; and he was "assisted by" Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Shakespeare, Miss Marguerite Hall, and Mrs. Henschel. This was the programme:—

- |                                |                          |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| a. Sketch, in F minor,         | } ... Miss Fanny Davies. |
| b. Canon, in A flat,           |                          |
| c. Presto, in G minor,         |                          |
| a. Des Leben's Pulse ("Faust," | } Mr. Bispham.           |
| b. Ihre Stimme,                |                          |
| c. Aufträge (by request),      |                          |
| a. Mignon's Lied,              | } Mrs. Henschel.         |
| b. Der Nussbaum,               |                          |
| c. Volksliedchen,              |                          |
| d. Er ist's                    |                          |

- |                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| a. Sun of the Sleepless, | } With Harp, } Mr. Bispham.  |
| b. Thy days are done,    |                              |
| c. Ballade des Harfners, |                              |
| Harp: Mrs. Berzon.       |                              |
| Dauidsblümlertänze ...   | ... Miss Fanny Davies.       |
| a. Tragödie,             | } Miss Hall and Mr. Bispham. |
| b. Ich bin dein Baum,    |                              |
| Songs.                   |                              |
| Spanisches Liederspiel.  |                              |

Miss Davies was most successful in the C minor Presto, and the last five of the "Dauidsblümlertänze," and her accompaniments to the Spanish Liederspiel were singularly charming. Mr. Bispham sang everything so well that one hardly likes to pick out any special song and say this was best. For one reason or another the audience encored "Naebody," and in the same inexplicable way Mr. Bispham yielded, and I chronicle this falling away with regret. Then Mrs. Henschel did her best; and the Spanish Liederspiel received a delightful rendering from the united party; and so ended quite the tip-top thing heard for some time in the recital line.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

We have had Mr. Moberley and his Ladies' String Orchestra back again. They had every reason to be satisfied with the result of their concert on May 25, when they were assisted by the Test Valley Musical Society. Their programme included a serenade for orchestra by Mr. Emanuel Moor, a ballade for the same by Mr. Arthur de Greef—both new and neither particularly interesting—and pieces by Schubert, Robert Fuchs, and Carl Doring. The playing was full of grip and at times very expressive, though in other places the young ladies ran away with their talented conductor. The Test Valley choir is hardly above the average of such things. They sang a setting by the late Macfarren of "Break, break, break," which forms one more proof of the innate vulgarity of that great man's mind; also part-songs by Stanford and Barnby. Miss Dale sang agreeably.

The Wolff Musical Union is nothing more nor less than a series of Chamber Concerts organised by Mr. Johannes Wolff. That it is particularly needed I cannot say, nor that it has as yet justified its existence on the score of artistic playing. So far it has devoted itself to French music, which is to me the abomination of desolation. Thus the programme of the concert of May 21 was entirely Chaminade and Widor, neither of them inspiring composers; while Saint-Saëns had a show on June 7. Some of his clever imitations of real music seemed to please the audience; but I am so hopelessly prejudiced against all that is "not real" in music that it is useless for me to express an opinion—I am too prejudiced.

Miss Daisy Irvine, a student at the London Academy of Music, gave an agreeable concert in Queen's Hall on May 30. She had a good attendance, and charmed her audience by her dainty fiddling. Mr. Loder and Madame Denza sang.

Amongst the numerous foreign choirs should be noted the Swiss Liedertafel, who gave two concerts in Queen's Hall, under the direction of their conductor, Dr. Munzinger (whose portrait we give this month), the first on Monday, May 28, and the second on Friday, June 1. It is wholly composed of male voices, and sang very well indeed. Madame Rauber-Sandoz sang, and Mr. Max-Reichel played the violin.

I can hardly speak so favourably of the Select Choir of Swedish singers who appeared in Queen's Hall on June 5. They did their best, but their best was hardly worth coming to England to do.



## The Peculiarities of Plagiarism.

HANDEL, the musical god of Great Britain, has once more been caught stealing, and once more the policeman is Mr. Prout. Some one has said that plagiarism hunting is the diversion of little minds; but in this case there is nothing little about the business, for Mr. Prout has had the discovery thrust upon him, like some men's greatness, by the very magnitude of the "grand old robber's" operations.

Long ago, in the early days of the *Musical Record*, when Mr. Prout was editor of that un-English organ, he showed us how very coolly Handel had helped himself to some of the best things in the works of one or two obscure composers of whom most of us had never so much as heard. In these instances there was some method in the madness of the musician. The sin of plagiarism, according to the modern restricted acceptance of the decalogue, lies not in the deed itself, but in its being found out; and in the case of Erba, Uriò, and the other nonentities covered by a convenient "etc.," it was a hundred to one against anybody ever becoming acquainted with a line of their music, or bothering themselves to burrow in its arid wastes in search of "curious coincidences." Not only that, but in these cases there was some extenuation to be pleaded for Handel. Mozart, it may be remembered, had once a very dull lady pupil who desired to be a composer. She was wealthy in everything but brains, and as brains were deemed essential by the great master he proposed to sacrifice his pupil's fees and ask her to find another professor. Mozart's father had more sense. If the lady can't compose, said he in effect to his son, teach her first to "steal a little," and afterwards she will be able to "adapt." Excellent Worldly-Wiseman! That is just what Mr. Prout shows Handel to have done in these early instances which he has brought before us: the composer took the pebble and made a diamond of it, and the musical world applauds him, not for his invention, but for his ingenuity!

But Handel could do even better than this, as Mr. Prout has now proved to us. Before, it was a case of "appropriation" from nobodies who were practically forgotten even in Handel's own day; now it is a case of coolly conveying whole pages, without so much as an alteration, from a work not above ten years old and by a rising young German composer. Graun, to be sure, is not considered a great master now; but for all that Handel could then have known, his greatness might have been, like his own, merely incipient, and it is almost inconceivable that, with his eyes open, he should thus rob his neighbour's jewel-box and wear the jewels as his own property.

In a less unblushing instance it might have been possible to make apologies for Handel. The prime difficulty with a scrupulous poor dog of a composer is to keep his head clear in the rush and anxiety of writing, and to be sure that he carries off no hat or umbrella besides his own. But he is seldom fool enough to bother himself about the ethics of making a parody or a modification of another's work. He may do either the one or the other, and it will simply be as if he appropriated a strange hat, to return it with a cock's feather added by way of compliment. People in all walks of literature and art, and certainly not least the musicians, have done things of that kind. Beethoven, Schubert,

Schumann, Mendelssohn, have all, more or less unconsciously, copied each other. Pascal borrowed without a qualm; Shakespeare borrowed, and trembled not to think that some of his immortal types might be found limned by the elder chroniclers; Goethe borrowed without so much as a by-your-leave, and never dreamed of a curious world finding in Kit Marlowe a suggestion of the dark-veined legend of Doctor Faustus. One might extend the catalogue of crimes, and extend it, too, in directions supposed to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Even the Hebrew prophets might be shown to have conveyed from each other without inverted commas or a word of acknowledgment, and critics have been found to assert that there is not a really original image in the Apocalypse itself.

All this is true; but over the Graun business, at any rate, we cannot make apologies for Handel on the score of such examples. We can only doff our hats to him for his daring, and sorrowfully admitting with Mr. Prout that no explanation will "wash," quote the Eighth Commandment to the "shade" of the composer, should we encounter it about the lower regions of the *Review of Reviews* office. At the same time there are manifest difficulties surrounding the situation. Handel was such an undoubtedly great genius, that one is lost in amazement over his borrowings from others who had so little of the divine fire that he could have put it all in his finger ring. His own original invention was certainly equal to all the demands that could be made upon it, and when we consider further the circumstances of his being in private life a "most upright, scrupulous, just man," it is impossible to satisfactorily explain his notions of artistic morality. After a course of Browning and Herbert Spenser it might be possible—otherwise not!

A reflection which forces itself upon Mr. Prout's mind must force itself upon other minds: What a providential thing it is that Handel's thefts were not discovered in his own day! About six years before he appropriated this music of Graun's, his great rival, Bononcini, had been forced to leave England in disgrace because he stole a madrigal of Lotti's. The little fish was caught, the big fish escaped. If Handel had been detected, he, too, would have been hounded out of the country; and, as a result, we should have had no *Messiah*, no *Israel*, no *Judas*, no *Samson*—in fact, none of the later oratorios. As Mr. Prout remarks, the enormous influence of Handel's music in this country was almost entirely through his oratorios; had he been forced to leave in 1737 or 1738, the whole history of music in England would have been entirely changed—in what direction it is impossible to tell. But it is not comforting to think that, indirectly, we got the *Messiah* by daring transgressions of the laws of *meum* and *tuum* which have gone undiscovered.

## London Academy of Music.

THE students of this institution gave their summer concert on Wednesday, June 13, at St. James' Hall, the following being the programme:—

Overture ... "Freischütz" ... Weber.  
Duet ... "La ci darem" ... Mozart.  
Miss Goddard and Mr. Loder.  
Concerto for two violins and orchestra ... Bach.  
Miss Alice Liebmann, Maurice Alexander.

Scena ... "Selva Opaca" ... Rossini.  
Miss Margaret Nutter.  
Pianoforte Concerto in D minor ... Mendelssohn.  
Harold Samuel.  
Air ... "D'amor sull' alirosee" ... Verdi.  
Miss Mabel Calkin.  
Air ... "Lieti di" ... Meyerbeer.  
Mr. Mervyn Dene.  
Allegretto and Finale (Symphony in A) ... Beethoven.  
Chorus ... "La Carita" ... Rossini.  
Soli, Miss Bull and Miss Serpell.  
Violin Solo ... "Faust" ... Gounod-Wieniawski.  
Miss Stella Fraser.  
Air ... "Viena la mia vendetta" ... Donizetti.  
Mr. Charles Loder.  
Pianoforte Concerto in A minor ... Schumann.  
Miss Alice Hayman.  
Air ... "Voce di donna" ... Ponchielli.  
Miss Margaret Edwards.  
Quartet ... "Mezza Notte" ... Flotow.  
Miss Serpell, Miss Clare Rose,  
Mr. Gilbert Denis, Mr. Mervyn Dene.  
Overture ... "Merry Wives" ... Nicolai.

It was gone through in such a manner as to convince any intelligent hearer that the teaching at the Academy is of the highest standard, and that the greatest pains must have been taken by the professors in order to achieve such results. The proceedings opened with a good rendering of the "Der Freischütz" overture, which clearly proved that the "orchestral playing" branch of study had been by no means neglected. This was followed by Mozart's duet "La ci darem la mano," which was tastefully given by Miss Goddard and Mr. Loder. In the concerto for two violins Miss Liebmann and Master Alexander played with an amount of skill and taste which is seldom heard in students of twice their age; and Harold Samuel by his playing of Mendelssohn's D minor concerto (first movement) proved himself to be a boy of no small ability. Mr. Mervyn Dene was conspicuous amongst the vocalists, and sang "Leiti di" (Meyerbeer) well. The first half of the programme concluded with a performance of the allegretto and finale of Beethoven's Symphony in A. The feature of the second half of the programme was undoubtedly Miss Fraser's violin solo, an arrangement of Gounod's *Faust* (Wieniawski). Miss Fraser has great technical mastery of the instrument, and even greater artistic taste. Miss Hayman was heard to great advantage in Schumann's A minor pianoforte concerto. From first to last the solos, both vocal and instrumental, were good, and the orchestra considerably more than creditable.

H. J. S.

WAGNER has scored a wonderful triumph in Paris. It is not so long since the attempt to produce a Wagner opera there resulted in a riot. Last year more Wagner operas were presented at the Paris Opera than any others. Out of 208 performances 60 were of Wagner operas. By the way, much indignation has been occasioned in Munich over what has come to be known as "the Lohengrin question." The court brewery not long ago opened a beer saloon and christened it after Wagner's opera! Many protests were made by offended music lovers, and a series of violent controversies took place in the local Chamber, but eventually the Ministry triumphed, and the obnoxious linking of beer with Bayreuth is to continue. A Wagner festival is to be held in Munich in August, and any one may thus sample the *Lohengrin* music and the *Lohengrin* ale at the same time!



## Sir John Stainer.

THE English man, woman, or child, who is not familiar with the name of "Dr. Stainer" would be a curiosity worth specially exhibiting. Sir John Stainer has never sought to advertise himself. On the contrary, advertisement is a thing he abhors, and has studiously avoided. But his life has been so arranged by the powers who manage these things, that he has been brought into contact with many classes, which have learnt to respect him. To the average Londoner he is known as the late organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, who overcame clerical prejudice and made the annual performance of Bach's *Matthew Passion* an immovable feast. Every school teacher who has gone through one of the Training Colleges has had a kindly word of advice from him; for he has been for many years Inspector of Music to the Education Department, in which capacity, too, his name, if not his person and personality, is known to the thousands of youngsters who attend the Elementary Schools. Lovers of choral music are familiar with the late organist of the Royal Choral Society; antiquarian-musicians see in him the conductor of the old Madrigal Society; to musical students he was the Principal of the defunct National Training School of Music; while to—but no! let me begin with my little biographical sketch before I have anticipated all my own material.

### HIS CAREER.

A little squealing being, said to have looked very different from the present sturdy Oxford Professor and Knight, was born on June 6, 1840, and shortly afterwards christened John Stainer. The said little squealing being developed, and presently ceased to squeal, and sang instead. That the family and neighbours appreciated the change of tactics cannot be doubted. When seven years old the future Sir John became a chorister of St. Paul's; Sir Arthur Sullivan, his future companion and friend, having about the same time become a chorister of the Chapel Royal, St. James. At fifteen Stainer became organist of the church of Saints Benedict and Peter, in the City, now a Welsh church. A year later Sir F. Ouseley wanted an organist for his lately founded College, St. Michael's, Tenbury, and came to St. Paul's to ask Goss to find him one. Goss and Cooper happened to be both absent; and Ouseley discovered young Stainer playing the service in the Cathedral. Organ parts were hardly known then, and the accompaniments were always played from the scores, written in the old clefs, with or without a figured-bass; and it was from such a score that Stainer was playing. Ouseley watched him intently, and the same evening asked him to become his organist. Naturally the offer was accepted, and Sir John Stainer has always freely and gladly acknowledged the kindness and encouragement he received from his master. Ouseley had a splendid musical library, the choir was an efficient one, and the daily choral services (full cathedral) were admirable. All these things were invaluable helps to the student, and especially the musical library, to which he had free access. In 1859 the still youthful Stainer applied for the post of organist of Magdalen College, then vacant by the resignation of Mr. B. Blyth. He was then only nineteen, though he had already taken his Mus. Bac., and the College had some doubts as to the advisability of trusting such an important post to such a young hand. After six months' probation, happily for him, as he himself says,

he was appointed. He immediately set to work to pass through the ordinary Arts course, and entered St. Edmund Hall as an undergraduate. In the following year he was appointed by Dr. Jeune (the Vice-Chancellor) organist to the University. In due course he became M.A. and Mus. Doc., and acted as examiner in music, in conjunction with the Professor and Choragus (Dr. Corfe). His life in Oxford at this time was singularly happy, and when, in 1872, Dr. Stainer, as he then was, was offered the berth of organist to St. Paul's Cathedral, he was decidedly unwilling to leave a place where he had received so much kindness. But he thought the road that thus opened out was the true one for him to take, and he accepted. He knew that much responsible and even unpleasant work had to be done to raise the musical services of St. Paul's to their proper level. But he set to work honestly, and found himself backed up by the best Dean and Chapter which ever existed; and the results he achieved with this backing are too well known to require any lengthy consideration here. Besides the oratorio performances, the every-day choral services were made the finest in the world. The arrangements, or rather the lack of them, had been chaotic, but the new organist reduced everything to order. He was never content until everything went smooth as machinery. It may not be generally known that he lived in Amen Corner for some years, the official residence of the organist being situated in this mysterious spot. In 1873 Gounod appointed him organist to the Albert Hall Choral Society. "I shall never forget my first interview with him. I met him by appointment at the Albert Hall, and he asked me to play some Bach and Mendelssohn to him. He seemed to enjoy it all very much, and his appetite improved as I went on, for he continued asking for one great work after another, till I was nearly exhausted. He then came back to me at the organ-keys, congratulated me, shook me warmly by the hand, and kissed me on both cheeks." So said Sir John to the present writer, recently. He retained the post of organist to the Society for fifteen years, and many will remember his masterly playing in the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and other of the oratorios performed there.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was for some time Professor of Harmony in the Crystal Palace School of Art, and when he resigned he suggested that Dr. Stainer should be his successor. The suggestion was wisely acted upon, and Sir John lectured for many years to the classes held there. From 1872 to 1886 he conducted the old Madrigal Society in succession to Otto Goldschmidt. From 1876 to 1882 he was connected with the National Training School for Music, an Institution apparently started to clear the way for the present Royal College. He entered it first as one of the Board of Professors, but was afterwards appointed by Sullivan his Vice-Principal. On Sullivan's resignation he became Principal until the doors of the school were closed and all its property, musical instruments, library, cash, and freehold premises, were handed over to the new Royal College. This National Training School is a mystery that will baffle future historians. How its decease affected Sir John Stainer I cannot say. In the same year that it occurred, viz., 1882, he succeeded Hullah as Inspector of Music to the Education Department. In this capacity his work and influence have both been enormous. A representative of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* last year visited a number of the Training Colleges, and everywhere found the Inspector's footprints. He insists on everything being thoroughly done; and, what is rare in an examiner of his stamp, he manages to find out what is known without

making himself a terror. It may be said that he has carried out at least as well as Hullah could have done, the plans which the latter initiated but did not live to see in working order. He represented Great Britain and the Colonies in "Class 13" at the Paris Exhibition of 1878; and at its close was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The Prince of Wales, who had nominated him a Juror, gave him his portrait (a steel engraving on vellum) signed by himself.

Of Sir John Stainer's manifold activities most are known, but few people are aware of the fact that for many years he was musical critic for the *Guardian*, a post he had to resign when he became inspector of Music. Probably most readers of that excellent, though rather heavy, clerical periodical now wish they had him back again. He was a member of the first board of musical studies constituted in Cambridge, where he also acted as Examiner; he was, with Dr. Pole, F.R.S., one of the first board of examiners for musical degrees in the University of London; and, in conjunction with Dr. Armes, was also one of the first board of examiners for musical degrees in Durham University.

It was in 1888 that symptoms of failing eyesight and general ill-health compelled Sir John Stainer to resign St. Paul's. He was sorry to leave the work he was so fond of, and much against his will retired to Oxford. Here, curiously enough, with less arduous responsibilities and more fresh air, he rapidly gained health and lost his fears about his eyesight. On his return to Oxford as his final place of residence six years ago, he was received on all sides with a heartiness and kindness for which he will ever be grateful. His election to the Professorship of Music in the place of his old friend and patron, Sir F. Ouseley was a mark of confidence which he much appreciated; and still later, in 1892, his old College (Magdalen) paid him the high compliment of electing him an Honorary Fellow of the College, the only others now holding this honour being Lord Selborne and the Bishop of Chichester.

### HIS PRESENT WORK.

No sketch of Sir John Stainer's career would be complete without some mention of the work on which he is at present engaged. He found the matter of degrees fairly well arranged by Ouseley, but the instruction he has organized entirely himself. It is not his intention or wish to convert Oxford into a second-rate conservatoire. He has no desire to see undergraduates, who ought to be preparing for the work in life to which they are best adapted, spending all their time in "loafing" with music. But those who intend to go in for music, he insists, shall do so thoroughly. To that end a number of courses of lectures are arranged. Thus, last year, courses were given by Mr. Hadow, on Musical Form and Composition, Dr. Liffie on Harmony and Counterpoint, Dr. Mee on Counterpoint, Dr. Roberts on Harmony, Mr. Smith on Acoustics, Dr. Taylor on the Technique of Piano Playing, Mr. Cunningham Woods on the Organ and also on Musical Dictation. Besides these courses the Professor himself gave a lecture on Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; Mr. Hadow one on Brahms' Sextett in B flat; and Mr. Cohen on Musical Traditions of the Synagogue. The Professor himself gives three lectures every year, and it is his aim to adapt these to the average university person, who, to tell the truth, knows little of music, and especially its technical side. He therefore frequently lectures on a work which is about to be performed in Oxford, and thus provides a kind of glorified analytic programme, which is much appreciated by the audience. Since Sir John Stainer was elected Professor he has given





*John Stainer*





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fifteen public lectures. His first was Introductory; the second was on Schumann's songs, with illustrations, and served to show the University folk that these songs do possess some real form as well as beauty; the third was on *Elijah*, which was to be performed next day. Then he proceeded to carols, of which he has an extensive collection and enormous knowledge. The next lecture was on the ground bass. Sir John had found that few people knew the difference between ground bass and thorough bass. Wherefore he showed them, giving illustrations selected in chronological order from the earliest composers up to Brahms. Then followed a discussion of the various settings of Goethe's "Kennst du das Land," tracing them from the first, Reichardt's and Zelter's, which were exactly like psalm-tunes, up to Liszt's, which is a complete scena. All were sung with the exception of Spontini's, which is hopelessly ineffective without the orchestra. After an analysis of Mozart's *Requiem*, canon was explained in a lecture, the illustrations to which extended from one of the first canons, "Non Nobis," to some of the latest by Reinecke. The ninth lecture on the Intellect and the Emotions is published and will shortly be discussed in our columns. The tenth was on Voice, Lute and Viol, the next on Palestrina's Mass, "Æterna Christi munera," a copy of which the present writer burgled from the Professor's library; others were on Performers, Song and Dance, and *St. Paul*, while the last was on the Relation between Composer and Performer. The audiences are always large, and on several occasions the Sheldonian theatre has been quite filled.

The granting of degrees is of course a large portion of Sir John Stainer's work. I have already remarked that he has a remarkable knack of finding out what candidates for examination really know without becoming a terror to them. This is nowhere better seen than in the papers he sets for the Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. degrees. The questions are rational, and the candidate is not worried by questions of the College of Organist type, *i.e.* When was the swell box invented? Who was John Smith and where was he born, etc. The only defect in the Oxford degrees is the delicate little matter of fees. It is said that you may not legally sneeze within the University precincts without a two guinea fee and the Vice-Chancellor's permit. Whether this is true or not, the University certainly extracts twenty pounds from the budding Mus. Bac., and another twenty-nine before he blossoms into a Mus. Doc. In other respects there is no ground for complaint. I may mention here that the number of members of the University who are going up for music increases every year.

#### THE PROFESSOR CHEZ LUI.

Sir John Stainer's home is in South Park Road, one of the most delightful spots in the delightful town of Oxford. There was some talk of jerry-building around him a little time since, but that awful doom has been averted. So "Woodlyn" has nothing worse to fear than occasional cricket-ball from the mighty bat of some neighbouring college, for fields devoted to the English game lie all around it. The Professor's own garden is a lovely one, and he has a conservatory of geraniums and a grape-vine which some envious visitor would have carried off long ere now but for inconvenience of getting such things through the streets without attracting attention. As for the inside, I will not discuss Sir John's furniture; but I may mention his library—one of the most complete in existence. His collection of song-books of all nationalities and dates is absolutely unique; and I believe it

is a fact that only on two occasions has its happy possessor been compelled to go outside for a reference, and neither time did he find what he wanted. Amidst these congenial surroundings Sir John Stainer lives with Lady Stainer and their family. They are as musical and as charming as their father and mother, who are perfectly happy as they sit in their beautiful home and plan—foreign tours!

## In the Back Office.

—:o:—

(The Junior Clerk holds his hat before the Idealist, who first does not see it, with scorn, then sniffeth and speaketh.)

IDEALIST.—Thanks. Take it away. We're not on board ship; if we were I'd call the steward to fetch the proper machine.

JUNIOR CLERK (confounded for a moment).—I'm asking for subscriptions.

IDEALIST.—Doubtless, but take it away.

THE CYNIC.—Why do you want subscriptions, boy?

JUNIOR CLERK.—You'll own it would be advantageous if there were a real Mus. Doc. on the staff?

CYNIC.—Great Heavens, no!

OUR CRITIC.—There now, you've done it: you've frightened even the Cynic.

CYNIC.—No, he didn't frighten me—he astounded me. At the same time, judging from the lively condition of a certain paper where a Mus. Doc. occupies a prominent position on the staff, I had ample reason to be frightened by the suggestion—but what has all this to do with the hat?

JUNIOR CLERK.—The hat? Oh, I've just seen an article by the Bank-Clerk-Editor—you know who I mean—the friend of the rising young composer Pagliacci; it appeared in the *Musical Standard* for April 21, 1888. It appears I can have the degree of Mus. Doc.—not the ordinary but a special sort, *honoris causa*, they call it—from the Archbishop of Canterbury by paying him £57 odd. I want to raise that £57!

CYNIC.—My dear child, men and the Bank-Clerk-Editor would point the finger of scorn at you. Why that very article says that such a degree is worthless, if not bogus.

JUNIOR CLERK.—You certainly are a dull lot here. That degree may be worthless, but at least you ought to know that the gods worshipped by the Bank Clerk have no other, and the Bank Clerk helped some of his friends to get it! (pause.)

CYNIC.—Look here, my child, there's a hot-headed innocence about you which will get you into trouble. You mustn't say these things: you must put your tongue in your cheek, and say the opposite, whatever you may think. And don't take that degree. If you must go into the steady business, start a Royal Theological College, get hold of ambitious young clergymen who want to be bishops, and grant them degrees—

JUNIOR CLERK.—*honoris causa*—

CYNIC.—*honoris causa*—naturally!

JUNIOR CLERK.—Jolly!

CYNIC.—Do that I say, and the Archbishop will soon prove to you the immorality of granting degrees in a subject of which you are ignorant!

CRITIC.—His Grace is musical, is he not?

CYNIC.—Musical as a cracked lamp-post!

\* \* \*

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—I say, you know my favourite idea—that we always use everything for a purpose for which it was not in-

tended? Well, then, it has struck me as a curious example of this, that we, living and intended to live in the 19th century, should hark back to and dwell so much upon the times that are gone.

JUNIOR CLERK.—That reminds me of a conundrum I made: Why's life like this riddle?

LIVE DICTIONARY (*impatiently*).—Sure I don't know: why is it?

JUNIOR CLERK.—Because you must all give it up!

IDEALIST.—I wish we lived more instead of less in the great times that are past!

CRITIC.—There never *were* great times!

LIVE DICTIONARY.—Yes, there were. At one time musical critics were quite unknown.

JUNIOR CLERK.—Hear, hear!

LIVE DICTIONARY.—An even more curious example of this tendency is seen in the case of societies. The College of Organists devotes itself to every subject—except organ playing. Certain music-schools teach fencing and every other study—except music. And so on.

CYNIC.—The funniest examples I know are the Bach and Handel Societies. Bach's name is rarely seen on a programme of the former. The latter, however, devoted nearly the whole of its last concert to—Bach!

## How to Practise.

—:o:—

#### CHILDREN'S PIECES.

THE first of these two fragments is a delightful study in staccato-playing for the left hand, in expressive legato-playing for the right hand, and, incidentally, in gaining independence of the two hands. The bass throughout must be played crisply, softly, and with perfect evenness. One or two legato passages occur—bars 2, 3, and 7 on the second stave—and these must be carefully practised. All the slurs in the right-hand part must be attended to, and care must be taken to hold firmly the minims that sometimes accompany crotchets and quavers. Bar 5, second stave, is an example.

The second piece is a study in expressive playing. You should get your teacher or some older person to play it to you first, until you know the melody. Then set to work and don't be satisfied until you can make it "sing," so that the piece is like a beautiful little song sung on the piano. Be careful to give every note its true value; don't turn crotchets into quavers, or minims into crotchets, because it is hard to hold them. You must make your fingers do these things.

The first bar of the third stave is very hard indeed. You must put your little finger (left hand) on that C, take a flying leap with your thumb at the E, which is by mistake printed on the treble stave, and then get back with your third finger to the B flat, and put your little finger on the next A. The upper E ought to be held; but it's no use: your little hands won't do it, little people!

#### MOZART'S ANDANTE.

This movement, which our printer has kindly christened a Sonata in C, is really a movement from said sonata. It presents no difficulties to those whose hands are big enough to play it. Be careful to hold the upper G (bars 2—4, stave 8) while you are playing the quaver passage underneath; and study with great pains the various cross-accented notes that occur. Thus the first two bars of stave 6 must be played as three bars of 6-8 time, and such passages occur rather frequently throughout the piece.



## Our Glee Society.

### IV.

**A**T the kindly invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Sttam, the worthy parents of our respected contralto, we held our next meeting in their drawing-room, a very delightful family, who greeted us with much warmth and cordiality. To use a well-worn, though none the less expressive term: we all felt thoroughly at home.

A neat and trim little maidservant showed us in and announced our names, which proved rather fatal to our otherwise solemn bearing, for she stuttered most outrageously, and at Tittletop's name absolutely came to grief. She got as far as Tit-tit-tit, tit, tit, tit, and that's all. She did eventually manage Mr. Bib-bib-bib-bib-billows, but our worthy conductor's cognomen was a "settler." When we are all assembled, Tittletop asked to be allowed to make an announcement. It was as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fame of 'Our Glee Society' (hear, hear) has already begun to assert itself (cheers). The influence of your charming singing (much blushing by the ladies and coughing by the gentlemen)—yes, I maintain it, the influence of your charming singing—has found its way to the outer world, and I have been asked if you will all give your valuable services at a concert in aid of our Cottage Hospital (hear, hear). The patron lord did me the honour to ask me, but I replied to his lordship that we were a private and exclusive body (*heeah, heeah*, from Horace Slim), and that I could do nothing without your individual permission, which I would endeavour to obtain at our next, this, meeting (cheers).

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you all know the good use that the somewhat scanty funds of the hospital are put to, and I ventured to hope that 'for one night only' you would not put 'up your backs' if I asked you to 'come out of your shells' (great laughter, Billows absolutely roaring) and help this most deserving charity. So I ask, in the words of the celebrated though unclassical ballad, 'What will your answer be?' (more laughter, cries of yes and 'why, certainly!' from Native Worth).

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued our somewhat Pickwickian conductor, "I am delighted at your decision, and if you will further extend your goodness towards me by allowing me, with our worthy secretary, to make all necessary arrangements, full particulars of the coming event shall be duly put before you, which, I trust, will meet with your much appreciated and esteemed approval." (After accepting a lozenge from Native Worth, Tittletop resumed his seat with becoming dignity.)

In a few moments our oratorical conductor was again on his feet.

"What have you got new this time, Slim?"

"Well, sir, the new thing is a very old madrigal entitled 'The Silver-Swan,' by Orlando Gibbons."

"I know it well," said Tittletop; "pass up a copy."

The copies were handed round, and we had a "go" at it.

"With all due respect to the composer," said Billows, "I think he should have given it the title of 'The Pessimistic Swan,' for of all the gloomy and dismal birds this must indeed have been the worst."

"It was, to say the least of it, a disappointed member of the natatorial genus," said Worth.

"But it has always been considered a Royal

bird, and is so considered to this day," said Slim.

"Really, gentlemen," said Tittletop, "this is not a Mutual Improvement Society, and the subject for discussion is not 'Swans and their manners,' but we are here to discuss Orlando Gibbons, who, though he wrote 'The Silver Swan,' was by no means a goose."

Then "Our Society" settled down to work, and ran the madrigal through once.

"The name of Orlando Gibbons," said Tittletop, "is the most interesting landmark in the musical world; it may be said that he was the last of the madrigalians, and certainly one of the finest. This beautiful little five-part madrigal, 'The Silver Swan,' which you have before you, ladies and gentlemen, is to musical historians, and indeed to musicians generally, very interesting; for although it can only be styled a madrigal, yet it is very glee-like in character, and so must be looked upon as a link binding the last of the madrigalian school to the then modern English glee. If you will examine it very carefully you will find that this glee-like character is most apparent, especially in the last five or six bars. Let us try it over again, this time paying greater attention to the marks of expression. It has always struck me," said Tittletop, with a knowing wink at me, "what a long time it takes us to learn the meaning of F. and P., or, I should say, to apply the meaning."

The members of OUR GLEE SOCIETY looked unutterably guilty.

"If you ask your way to a certain place, and you're told to turn to the right, you surely would not turn to the left. Then why do you sing soft when it is marked *forte*, or *vice versa*?" Tittletop said all this with a genial smile, though, nevertheless, they all knew that he meant it and that they deserved it.

"That's very much better," he said, when they had finished, "but there are still many things to attend to. That first bar above, or say the first two bars, would afford practice for a whole evening. Let us try to start firmly on the second beat, to begin with."

They tried, and Tittletop said, "A most lovely arpeggio, and of a novel sort! Instead of starting from the bass and running up to the treble, we had first the second tenor, then the second soprano, or rather, the alto, then the true soprano, and the bass and first tenor came in together at the finish. Lovely! But let us try to get it firm and solid."

The whole Society blushed prodigiously, and tried again, but succeeded little better than before.

"We've often done better than that," said Louis rather severely.

"Tell you what it is, Tittletop," said Slim, "we've talked so much musical dictionary and practised so little, or rather, paid so little attention to the things we ought to practise, of late, that we've become demoralized. We're not in touch with each other. I move that in future we talk no more history—or, at any rate, no more than is absolutely necessary to show us the kind of music we're singing."

Loud cheers and yells of "hear, hear" came from the whole party.

"Well," said Louis, "I agree there has been too much musical dictionary, as you call it; but for my part, I don't wish to hinder it, for I thought it made you all more interested in the work. But since you have spontaneously decided against it, I shall be only too delighted to devote the time to practice."

"What I suggest," said Slim, "is that any one wanting history shall go to Tittletop for lessons, and not 'sponge' on him under pretence of studying the glee."

"Nonsense!" said Tittletop. "I'm only too delighted to afford any information in my power. Don't you think it would be a good plan to have the little facts and dates cyclostyled on little slips of paper and sent round to the members a few days before we meet. I'll get them ready, if some one will do the copying."

This met with OUR GLEE SOCIETY'S cordial approval; and for my part I approved too: for I shall henceforth print each little slip at the head of my report, and my readers will be bored with no more historical and dictionary discussions.

Our people then made another attempt, and another; and finally after a couple of dozen shots at the thing, Tittletop said, "It would no doubt come right after a little practice." But he didn't grind them until they were wearied. He next began to practise each part alone.

"Now," he began, "let us run through the beautiful second tenor part. We must have the crescendo and diminuendo absolutely even before we go on a bar further."

This they work at some little time, and then they deal similarly with each of the other parts in turn.

"Mr. Tittletop," said Miss Sttam, "do you know the second tenor part seems a good deal more interesting than, say, the alto!"

"Don't you be dissatisfied," said Louis. "Let us try the second treble."

"Ah!" he said presently, "you must sing 'When death approached,' lightly—almost staccato. Then you must pile all the expression you know how into, 'Unlocked her silent throat,' which is a lovely phrase. Then look at the next passage: just put a little accent upon the first syllable of 'leaning,' and make a big crescendo at 'reedy.'"

So the altos try these things, and are presently satisfied that their part is as beautiful as any, if well sung.

"All the parts are beautiful," said Louis; "that's characteristic of the madrigal. In our modern glees most have drum parts—that is to say, one note only, or a few notes. Now let's have the trebles."

The only really difficult part here is the "leaning" in the second bar of the second line. Louis makes them sing it very softly, with the accent on the first syllable; and a long crescendo follows on "breast." When they have mastered the diminuendo at the end of the line, the part is learnt; for the intelligent reader will have observed that even the astute Tittletop bungled when he talked of the last five or six bars being "glee-like." These bars, and indeed the whole first line, are note for note a repetition of what has just been sung. In our copy line two corresponds exactly to line three.

The basses have some trouble in bar five. They insist on getting an accent on the first beat of that bar.

"No," says Tittletop, "you must remember this music was written before the degenerate times came. There were no hard and fast bar lines in those days; when a composer only wanted one accent in every five crotchets he simply wrote it. That is what Gibbons has done here. 'Un'—the first syllable—must be taken gently, while you accent 'locked.' Try that, and all will come right."

They try it, and it does come right.

Then the first tenors have their turn. Their principal difficulty is at bar five on the second line.

"You must note here?" say Louis, "what I've just told our friends Roaring Billows & Co.—the first beat of the bar is by no means always the strongest with the writers of the madrigalian era. Here, for instance, it is the second and forth."



After the first tenors have been coached, they all sing together, and to their great surprise their attack is perfectly unanimous. They spend a good deal of time in getting every little crescendo and diminuendo even; and Tittletop insists on the importance of their making a true forte—that is, not shouting their loudest fortissimo whenever they see the sign *f*—and, generally speaking, on their singing with self-control and measure. Then the tempo has to be considered. At 'Thus sang her first, he makes them hurry a little, the pace being relaxed at the cadence. Finally, he makes them consider distinctness of pronunciation, and the quality of their vowels; and the last bar of the madrigal gives them more trouble than all the rest in this respect. For Tittletop insists on a clear and true 'i,' and makes them 'choke' the final 's,' so that it is just heard and no more.

Every one is satisfied with the evening's practice. As Billows said, "We really have learnt something to-night."

"Yes" said Louis, with a smile. "I suppose Slim will say it is the result of practising, instead of talking musical dictionary!"

GEORGE F. GROVER.

## Modern Harmony and Counterpoint.

(Continued from page 109.)

### CHAPTER V.

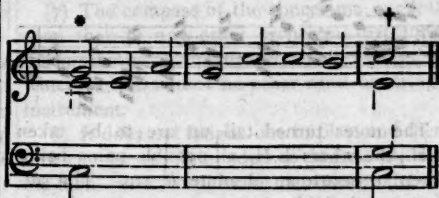
THE best plan for the beginner to follow is that of setting single lines of good choral, or a few bars from a melody of one of the great masters, or even a phrase from a popular song. The main requisite is that the key shall be well defined, the phrase short, and containing no big leaps. The ludicrous *Canto Famoso* given by Macfarren, Bridge, and other pedants are entirely useless—they are not music, as we use the word. Let us take first, then, a line of the well-known St. Ann's tune:—



Play this very slowly ( $\text{♩} = 40$ , say) several times; then try to put a bass to it. Now, the easiest bass will be of the sort that may be heard in any church where "congregational singing" is in vogue, namely, one that follows the treble note for note, leap for leap, a third, or an octave and a third, beneath. Obviously, this is not a true bass, and, what is more, it does not sound well, but, on the contrary, abominable. One reason for this is its monotony, another that it neither begins nor ends in the key. In fact, I need not stop to prove that in harmonising a tune variety is required, and that it is a good thing when the melody implies a certain key to let the harmony strengthen that implication. Later on we shall deal with melodies that do not recognise key—for key is, we must remember, entirely an arbitrary matter—and we shall then have other guides to doing the right thing; but in the earlier stages it will be well to follow these two rules. Then the question arises, What chords are in the key? Well, put down the note C in the bass, with its 3rd and 5th, thus:—



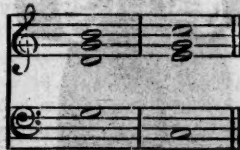
and you have the chord that is most characteristic of the key, the common-chord of the tonic, or the key-chord. Now if you use that chord to begin with in harmonising the melody I have given, thus (\*),—



you will find the necessity of ending with a similar chord. (†) Now every note has its common-chord: the common-chord is, indeed, only the bass note with its 3rd and 5th; and if, instead of beginning with the common-chord C, we began with the common-chord of G, thus,—

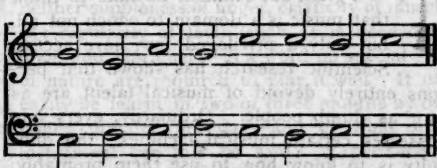


we should not find the ending satisfactory. It would not sound like an ending; we would expect something more. Now, this teaches us two things: (1) not to use chords that prevent the ending being satisfactory; (2) not to use chords that sound like an ending before the end is reached. The common-chord on the key-note alone does not sound like an ending; but if you first play the common-chord on the dominant (see page 108 for these terms) you will find you have an ending so unmistakable that this "progression" (any series of two or more chords is called a progression) has always been known as the perfect cadence. Here it is:—



This "progression," therefore, must never be used in the middle of an exercise.

If the student now writes a bass to the melody he may (but not probably) do something of this sort:—



Let us examine these chords. The first is harsh, but it is restful to the ear. It does not lead you to expect another chord after it. It is therefore called a concord. Not so the second. It does make you want a chord after it, and if you play this you will find how satisfactory the result is, especially if you play the G I have given.

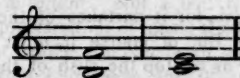


The second, therefore, is a discord, and needs to be resolved on a concord. There are many ways of resolving it; that I have given is one. The D is the discordant note; and the note C, upon which it settles, is called the note of resolution.

The next chord, a fourth, is similarly felt to demand resolution, and is a discord. Number 4 is a second. The fifth chord is a sixth, perfectly satisfactory to the ear and a concord; while the next, a seventh, demands resolution. In short, try all the combinations of the scale, and you will find you have four concords and three discords. Here they are classified:—

Concords.	Discords.
Third;	Second;
Fifth;	Fourth;
Sixth;	Seventh.
Octave.	

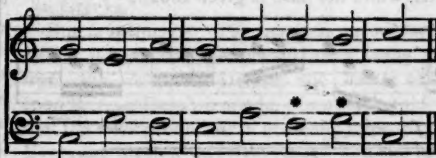
To the list of discords one must be added. If you strike this chord, a diminished fifth, you will find it requires some such resolution as this:—



Only one diminished fifth occurs in the diatone major scale; namely, the fifth on the leading note. In the minor key the fifths of supertonic and leading note are both diminished.

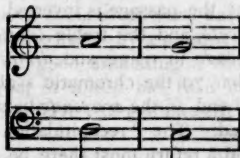
Now for the present we will use only concords—that is, thirds, fifths, sixths, and octaves. It will be obvious that we must not use too many fifths, or the effect will be harsh; too many octaves, or the effect will be thin; too many thirds and sixths, or the effect will be too sweetly luscious.

As has been said, variety is wanted. Let us now harmonise our melody—in two parts only, of course.



The progression marked (\*) is forbidden by many pedants who prefer writing something infinitely uglier to avoid it.

Supposing, instead of the third and fourth chords, I had written



the effect would have been harsh. This is owing to the fifths following one another in this way. Later on we will use these "consecutive fifths" freely, but in a very different way; and for the present it will be better to avoid them. "Consecutive octaves" are also to be avoided; for what we want is harmony, and the same melody repeated an octave above or below is not harmony.

I advise the student to bungle along as he best can until my next chapter appears. Let him above all things harmonise good melodies only, and trust to his ear to make his "harmonic progressions" sound right. He will meet with various difficulties, but will overcome them much easier if he experiences them before I point out their cause and cure.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSOR STANFORD writes: "My name has been given as a supporter of the scheme for the registration of musical teachers. I have never written or spoken a word in favour of the scheme, and I am totally opposed to it."



## How to Play Mozart's Sonata.

(Continued from page 86.)

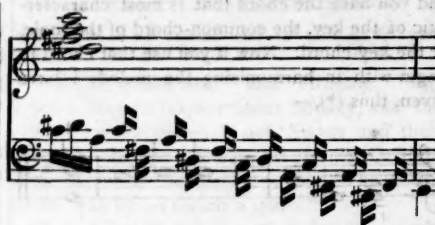
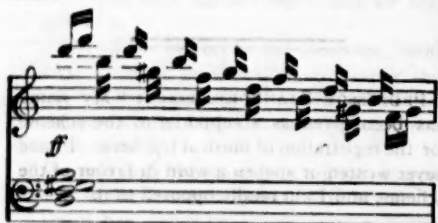
At the opening of the "working-out" section, bar 50, the principal theme is given in the major key of C. It must be played *pianissimo*, the tone thin and clear, and very *legato*; but the sustaining pedal must not be used, or you will fail to get the repeated chords in the left hand *staccato*. In those places where the sign *fp* occurs on the first quaver of the bar a slight pause must be made on the note. Bar 57 may be taken *ad lib.*, for it partakes of the nature of recitative. But of course it must not be taken so slow as to stop the rush of the movement. Then commences one of the most difficult portions of the sonata. The treble must be played *fortissimo*, with the quality of tone verging on the harsh, so as to be suggestive of the clanging of trumpets; while the bass keeps up a continuous roll, which is by no means so easy to get as might be thought. Each hand should be practised separately, the greatest care being taken to chip out, so to speak, the dotted quaver and semiquaver passages. The pace ought to be increased until bar 70 is reached. Here is a left-hand study worth a dozen of Czerny's. The treble must be *fortissimo*, not *legato*, and rhythm strongly accentuated, while the bass is given thus:—



varying, as will be seen, from *forte* to *fortissimo*, and with an absolute *legato*. Similarly, when at bars 74-77 the passage is inverted, the bass must be *marcato*, and the treble *legato*, with a uniform *crescendo* in rising and *diminuendo* in falling. At bar 79 the chromatic scale should begin *pp* and end *ff*, the *crescendo* being accurately graduated. The "recapitulation" begins at bar 80, and a return must there be made to the original time.

A veritable asses' bridge begins at bar 88. The only way of learning this is to play the left-hand part until every phrase of it is correctly given; then learn the treble; and only then begin to play the two together, very slowly indeed at first, and gradually increasing the pace as the passage is mastered. The difficulty is made the greater by the necessity of playing out the theme in the left-hand *forte*, while the treble accompaniment is subdued.

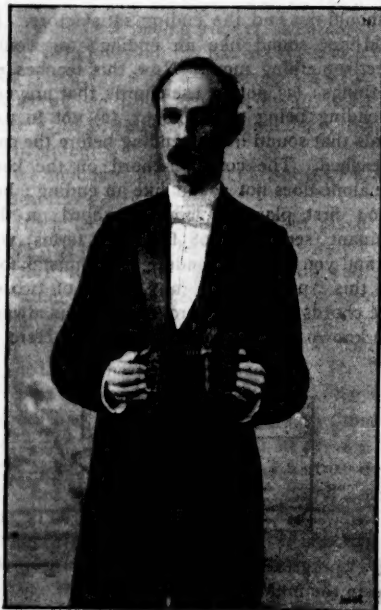
Excepting for three arpeggio passes—bars 119, 126-128—the remainder of the movement is much the same as the opening section, save, of course, that the key of A minor is substituted for C major. Nothing but practice will overcome the difficulty of bar 119; but the arpeggios at bars 126, 127 may be simplified by playing thus:—



The notes turned tail up are to be taken R.H., the others L.H., all possible pains being taken to secure an absolute *legato*. The advantage of dividing arpeggio passages thus is that they can be played with a greater degree of force and without tiring the hand.

(To be continued.)

## In Praise of the Concertina.



I.

It is a great but common mistake to think that music is a domain to which not all, but only a privileged few, have access.

Scientific research has shown that persons entirely devoid of musical talent are as rare as dumb people. Ordinarily, every one possesses certain musical faculties; the difficulty is to know how to use them profitably. It goes without saying that in music, as elsewhere, all may not attain perfection; but every one, without exception, is capable of learning it well enough to take part in any discussion on the subject. If, in spite of this, we find that music spreads slowly among the masses, we must look for the cause in the imperfection of musical instruments.

Easy instruments are generally deficient in musical qualities; they are without power of expression, and certain kinds of music either cannot be played upon them, or played only in such a disfigured manner as to make one think that such instruments are more of a nuisance than useful.

It follows then that good music well played can be heard only from "specialists" in music, or *virtuosi*, as we call them; while the masses—and particularly the young people who are scholars in the various schools, where they remain for a time to study music—content them-

selves at home with ocarinas, mandolins, and other so-called instruments of the sort. Or they play the violin or other difficult instrument, grating both their own and their hearers' ears with their "music," while most frequently they give up music altogether.

If then I can succeed in attracting general attention to an instrument which possesses genuine musical qualities, and is at the same time so easy that it can become popular, I shall be rendering a great service to society and to music; for the greater part of those folk who at present of necessity remain actual strangers to the art will have the advantage of learning it quickly, and without interfering with their other occupations. It is certain that amongst the neophytes of music there will be found a few who, persevering and convinced of their talents, will give themselves up to the study of music, and thus furnish society with capable musicians.

Examining attentively all the instruments of the orchestra, it is easy to see that not many can become popular. It is unnecessary to speak of the difficulties of stringed instruments, for all the world knows them. As for wind instruments, the brass are too piercing in tone to be used in small rooms; the wood (*i.e.*, clarinet, oboe, flute, etc.) require a mouth of special formation, and are inconvenient to all to whom nature has denied this. Besides, all wind instruments are prejudicial to health, and ought not to be played until a doctor's advice has been taken. It may be mentioned that the easiest of all wind instruments, the flute, is most hurtful.

The piano and harmonium are doubtless important instruments, and it is to be regretted that their high price is an effective barrier to their becoming popular. At the same time it is impossible to form an orchestra of them, and orchestral playing is both interesting and useful to amateurs. Ensemble-playing is particularly useful in schools; but a class of some dozens of pianos and harmoniums is a self-evident impossibility.

This exhausts the list of recognised musical instruments; it remains only to look amongst those that are not yet fully recognised. Perhaps one may be there found that may fulfil the conditions already mentioned; that is, be easy to play, and at the same time, in the true sense of the word, a musical instrument. Happily such an instrument exists were only public attention once drawn to it; namely, the English concertina.

The English concertina was invented in London in 1827 by Sir Charles Wheatstone, of electric telegraph fame. In form it resembles a six-sided accordion, but its tone is most like that of the violin. At the same time, by the ingenuity of the manufacturers, notably of Messrs. Lachénal & Co., Little James' Street, London, W.C., various means have been devised by which the tone is modified to resemble in turn that of the human voice, the flute, the clarinet, and the trumpet. But its sounds are always sweet and "singing"; and as the compass of the instrument is from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 octaves, important compositions can be performed upon it. As pieces originally composed for any of the instruments it resembles—violin, flute, clarinet, etc.—may be played upon it, up to a certain point retaining their proper character, it follows that its repertoire is enormous; and it thus opens out to the virtuoso a vast field in which to display his powers.

The concertina is essentially a noble instrument. Those persons who object to it because its form resembles that of the accordion may be reminded that the violin equally resembles the guitar and the mandolin. There are in the concertina, so to speak, tone-qualities corre-



sponding to those of the violin, viola, 'cello, and double-bass, so that a complete orchestra of concertinas may be formed.

At the same time it blends well with all other instruments, and especially with the human voice. Its study demands little time, the difficulties in acquiring the technique being few. Its price is comparatively small, as an instrument costing £2 10s. serves both for the study and the orchestra.

Since its first appearance in England the concertina has recommended itself as the most advantageous of all instruments in these respects. From England it spread to the United States, and in the comparatively small number of years since its invention a very considerable special literature was formed for it; while many distinguished artistes—such as Regondi, Blagrove, Varren, Moligne, Alsepi, and T. P. Johnson—have added to its popularity by their playing. Still it is to be regretted that these performers have never been ambitious enough to undertake tours outside their own country. For this reason there are many towns in Europe where the concertina is quite unknown. Actually, except in England and America, it is known only in Russia, where it is much used everywhere. It began to be used in schools between 1870 and 1880,—at St. Petersburg in Upper Normal School for girls, on the initiative of a Professor Marénitch, of the Conservatoire. Each scholar in this school had to take his lesson practically; to sing while playing on the concertina, in place of the harmonium or piano.

In 1883 a large circle of concertina amateurs was formed in St. Petersburg, with elaborate rules, and it formed an exclusively concertina orchestra. The principal director is the professor of the "Corp de Pages," M. Chominloff, an enthusiastic amateur with an excellent knowledge of his instrument. The members of the circle are mostly of considerable social position, and their concerts are greatly appreciated by the public. The first School Orchestra of Concertinas appeared in L'institut Doctoral, at Vilna, some years ago. It was started on the initiative of the present writer, who, as a concertina player, had attracted the attention of the Chef de l'arrondissement Scolaire, M. Sergiewski, of repute as a mycene and musical connoisseur. A successful trial with this instrument was also made in L'institut Doctoral, for in a little time (three months at most) the author formed an orchestra which gave good concerts. When the Minister of Public Instruction heard it, in 1890, he honoured the originator with a favourable mention. At present the concertina is in use in other schools, and is beginning to be the fashion with the general public.

## II.

Without discussing its musical qualities, the concertina offers many practical advantages.

(1) It need not be tuned—an operation which in the case of all stringed and many wind instruments requires skill, and takes up time.

(2) There are no strings to put on, no valves to lubricate, no screws to adjust.

(3) It is small, and may be played sitting, standing, or walking.

(4) Unlike every other wind instrument, the playing is done with the hands, so that the player can at the same time sing.

(5) Before you can properly play the piano you must spend many years in acquiring "touch"; to play the violin "tone" must be got; but with the concertina touch and tone are made ready for you, so that you can play at once.

(6) The tones of the concertina are so sweet that it is delightful to hear even a learner play;

whereas, beginning on other instruments are nuisances to themselves, to those in the same room, and very frequently even to those who live in the same street.

(7) The compass of the concertina is greater than that of any other orchestral instrument. The execution is equally easy in all the registers which can be said of no other wind or stringed instrument.

(8) It does not fatigue one to play, and therefore can be recommended to ladies, children, old men—in a word, to all persons of delicate constitution. So much cannot be said of many other instruments.

(9) Pieces in two or three parts may be played upon it. Thus it is useful for accompanying choirs, for the teacher, while continuing to play, may approach each singer in turn, and satisfy himself that each is singing correctly.

(10) The technique is the same for treble, alto, tenor, or bass concertina—having learnt to play one it is easy to play the others. It thus has this advantage for use in schools, that one master suffices; it is unnecessary to have a teacher of violin, a teacher of 'cello, and so on.

(11) No special position of hand or finger is required. In teaching, therefore, the master need not look after each individual pupil. It may thus be taught in class, so that the time which in the case of other instruments would serve for only one pupil, in the case of the concertina serves for a large number.

(12) All other wind instruments possess the very undesirable quality of easily getting out of tune with the rise of temperature. Only very skilful players can conceal this; and it will have been noticed that amateur or student orchestras very frequently play the first piece of a programme with accurate intonation, while in the pieces that follow they get worse and worse, until at the end individual discord prevails. The public set this down to the incompetence of the players, whereas the cause of the defect lies in the nature of the instruments. But the concertina stays at the same pitch in all temperatures.

(13) The technique is so simple that it may easily be learnt without a teacher, only some little explanation being necessary.

(14) Lastly, and most important, because it can be so easily learnt, the concertina is the most convenient of all instruments. It demands neither suppleness of finger, elasticity of muscle, nor regularity of teeth (such as is needed for oboe and clarinet)—in a word no special gifts of nature are required to play it well. It can easily be learnt in two or three months by one hour's practice per day—and of what other instrument can this be said? Experience in L'institut has shown that the pupils begin to teach each other, so that out of an orchestra of 60, only about one dozen were taught by the master. Nevertheless this band played with success at a public.

To the numerous body of music-lovers who can afford only a short time for study and practice, the concertina is not only useful, but there is no other instrument that can replace it. And when we remember that it may make music familiar to many who otherwise can never get to know it, we will admit that it ought to be included in the list of legitimate musical instruments, and wish that it may get more and more widely known.

J. PIROCHNIKOFF.

## The Hymn to Apollo.

ALREADY heard too much of the hymn to Apollo, you say? Well, you cannot (proverbially) have too much of a good thing; and according to those who profess to know all about it, the Delphic ode is a very good thing—historically. The *Musical Courier*, to be sure, declares that "we do not believe in it one little bit"; but then the *Musical Times*, as an offset, makes a supplement of the thing; and a body of enthusiasts—perhaps fearing the light because knowing that their deeds were evil—stumbled through the production in Willis' Rooms, at the witching hour of midnight. Not a bad time to choose for a representation of music from the tombs!

About Apollo you can learn all you want to learn from Lempriere and other entertaining authorities; but about the author of this hymn written in Apollo's honour you can learn as little as you can learn of grammar and English composition from the *Musical News*. The music is two thousand years old anyway. It is original enough—Handel being then in the limbo of obscurity—to please policeman Prout, and so can claim to be the only authentic record of old Greek music hitherto brought to light. It is earlier in date by many centuries than any previous record of repute, and thus "in the style of its music," to quote a critic, "is more nearly representative of the simplicity of the best period of the tragic and lyric arts of the Greeks."

But is it music? *Tot homines, tot sententia*. When it was first performed after being dug from the debris of Delphi, the *Times* correspondent—a Delphic oracle, of course—told us that the work produced "a profound impression." Everyone present was "raptured" and the king shed tears! Think of that! Think further of the circumstances that the hymn was actually encored and that it was sung as a modern quartet. What they would have thought of an encore at Delphi in the days of Apollo it is impossible to say; but a two thousand years' old hymn to a classical hero, harmonised—the hymn, not the hero—by a present day professor, is about as good as adding a moustache to a Greek god, or a top hat to a marble statue. You cannot have real genuine Greek music that way.

But there is something else that you cannot have. Hear what Mr. J. P. Mahaffy says in the *Nineteenth Century* in speaking of the Delphi discovery: "We turn lastly to the melody, which is far the most important item in giving us an insight into an old Greek performance. I grieve to say that, although there is rhythm, and even a recurrence of phrases to mark the close of the period, nothing worthy of being called melody, in any modern sense, is to be found." There! I am glad some one else has said it.

Still, the want of melody does not mean that we are to throw this production out of the window—to give it more "air," as Handel would have said. It is interesting even because of its lack of time, for it shows us that music is a progressive art, and that we have made some advances since the days when King Saul went mad over the music of the sweet singer of Israel. It is interesting also as showing us how learnedly some people can talk about Phrygian modes and hypo-Dorian scales, and all the rest of it. Whether to English ears it can be made interesting as music remains to be seen. At Willis' rooms the voice part was conveniently ignored, and so as yet we have only had Hamlet with the part for the Prince left out. In this case perhaps that is enough!



## Pegasus in Training.

WE do not exaggerate when we say there are dozens of students who have written better music than the average festival cantata which proceeds from the pedantic pen of one of the Tammany ring that rules things musical in London; but no publisher will so much as look at an unknown composer's work, however good it may be; no festival committee dares to thrust off the Tammany yoke and go outside the unholy ring for its music; and though Mr. August Manns does his best to get the younger generation a hearing, it is obvious he cannot produce thirty or forty new things every season. So our music-schools go on their way, turning out these young composers, some of whom might under favourable circumstances blossom out into great composers; but once they are turned out, neither the schools nor any other institution will help them to use the gifts they have from nature, and the skill they have acquired from their teachers. We can do little, but that little we intend to do. We propose from time to time to call public attention to various unknown or little-known writers by reviewing their manuscript compositions in this place. Our reviews will be fair; we will not seek to hide blemishes, but we also proclaim the beauties. We now offer to review any unpublished compositions which are sent to us, provided we think they possess merit. Already arrangements are completed for some dozens of such compositions; but we invite all and every one to send in their works: wherever we find merit we will announce it. Many of our readers are talented singers; others, we know, play piano, violin, flute, clarinet, or some other instrument. We suggest that such readers may be willing after reading some of our articles to give performances of the works discussed. If they will write us we will gladly put them in communication with the composers.

### FOR CLARINET AND PIANO.

First we have a composition for clarinet and piano, Miss Marie Ames, a student at the R.A.M. It won a prize in some recent competition, and well deserved to. Why some publisher did not snatch it up immediately is one of those mysteries that do not surprise people who know the publishing mind, its stupidity and conservatism. But music—music at once good and effective—for clarinet and piano is so scarce that Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn are constantly made to contribute to the stock in the form of arrangements, and we are surprised that no clarinet-player jumped at this work. It is full of beauty and charm; it is expressive; and the last movement is sprightly and vigorous enough to fetch down the most stolid of houses. There are only two movements; neither is very long; and at the same time the composer has managed to say what she wanted. The first theme of the opening Andante is,—



and this charming melody is carried on for some time, at last finishing with a cadence in the same key—A. Then a more passionate melody appears on the clarinet—for all practical purposes a continuation of the first one—with a rippling semiquaver accompaniment on the piano. This is worked up in the most approved manner to an effective climax, after which we have a new theme in the key of E:—



and this is continued in what we are bound to admit is by far the finest piece of sustained melodious writing we have seen from a student for a long time. We need not, however, closely follow the "working out," though it may be remarked that it is at once ingenious and beautiful. The beauty is not that of a Beethoven or Mozart; but it is true beauty, and never sacrificed to contrapuntal cleverness. On the return of the first theme the melody is given in pianissimo chords and octaves to the piano, while the clarinet has a wandering semiquaver accompaniment, and the effect must be delightful.

Curiously, the next movement is an allegro vivace in F# minor, suggesting that we have here two later numbers of a complete sonata in that key. Here is the theme,—



or rather an indication of it only. It is carried vigorously and with piquancy until the next melody (in the key of A) is reached:—



The accompaniment, which we do not give, is in quaver triplet arpeggios.

Having indicated so much, it is not necessary for us to give further details. The movement is, as we have said, brilliant, sparkling, and not wanting in hints of feeling. The young composer's technique is on the whole good, though we do not say it will not greatly improve with further practice. But the little work is one in every way creditable to Miss Ames and her teachers, and is one which clarinet-players ought to become acquainted with without delay.

An account of Dr. Mann's recent Cambridge performance of Handel's *Messiah*, with the original accompaniments, will be found in our Festival Supplement

## The Experiences of a Musical Critic.

### CHAPTER VII.

OUR paper came out, as I said. First there was a hush; then came the storm. For several days the postman was never off our stairs. The letters that poured in were awful, both in quantity and in quality. Here are one or two samples:—

To the Editor of the "Side Drum."

SIR,—Your statement that the street-pianist was fined at Marlborough Street for playing in tune near Tr-n-ty C-ll-ge (Limited) is not strictly true. He offended in two ways. First, he played a melody, not of the highest class, but still a melody; and the students are forbidden either to write or hear melody of any sort. Second, consecutive fifths had been introduced into his arrangement of the inter-mezzo. That is the one thing the authorities of Tr-n-ty C-ll-ge cannot put up with; they sometimes excuse melody, but never consecutive fifths.

STUDENT.

SIR,—You do not say where one must apply to secure the services of the unique housemaid who advertises in your first (and last?) issue for a situation. I am very anxious to secure such a treasure. If she will come to me, I will not ask for any character. She shall have £500 per annum, no work whatever, and a special cook shall cook for her, and a lady's maid attend to her. Six Broadwood instruments will be kept for her to practise on, and I am willing to engage a small choir for her to teach, if she is willing to come for the small salary I can offer.

S-R-H GR-ND.

We had sent out copies to distinguished men, asking for testimonials. Here are a few:—

DEAR SIR,—Owing to the weakness of my eyes, I have been unable to read your paper, but I have no doubt it is in every way interesting.

Yours truly,

W. E. GL-DST-NE.

Phew!

BUTTERLY.

DEAR SIR,—I like the colour of your cover.

R. W. H-W-IS.

SIR,—I found your paper most useful. I was looking for some to pack my mother-in-law's clothes in when it arrived, and for this purpose it proved admirable, and may be recommended.

Yours truly,

J-HN M-RL-V.

On the whole, the press notices might be called favourable. The *Violet Cover* said:—

This is undoubtedly the most rumbustious thing in musical journalism. When Handel died, in 1859—just after finishing his Fifth Symphony, which opens with a phrase of three notes, played on the trumpets—it was his intention to start such a paper as this. The editor, we learn, is a descendant of a lady and gentleman who were living in Handel's time, and doubtless the idea was handed down in this way.

The *D-ly Chr-n-ckle* said:—

Our only objection to this paper is that its politics are too pronounced. Our own success has been made by a policy of sitting on the hedge, and this plan we recommend to the conductors of the *Side Drum*.

The *D.T.'s* criticism was most remarkable:—

At the birthing of this paper strange sights observed were. Verily, it is a babe portentous! At first sight it appears to be one of those whose place in glittering rows is on Smith's bookstalls. But a closer examination shows that this is not the case, although the silly sheep in error may rise to crop the dewy field. Where we are principally in agreement



with the *Side Drum* is in thinking that critics should never write, and still less frequently praise their own, librettos. Our readers will have observed that we have quoted from *Rehearsal*, that great work, the libretto of which flowed from the expressful pen of Mr. J-s-ph B-nn-tt, who is undoubtedly the greatest living poet.

We could have stood the letters, and rather enjoyed the press notices; but two or three things rather prevented us continuing on these lines. To begin with, we were served with innumerable writs for libel; then about a hundred ladies, willing to marry, but without the £1,000 a year, called to see if the latter were essential. Finally a deputation came in this wise.

Late in the evening, as the dusk came on, and I was preparing to leave, the door opened, and a head was popped in. The face was nearly covered by a cap with an unheard-of peak. A voice spoke:—

"Are ye alone, sorr?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then come in, all on yers," said the voice, the head having disappeared outside the door for a moment. They came in, about two dozen of them I should think, and the rowdiest, fustiest, most evil-smelling crew I've been near to in my life.

"Come in," I said politely, though it was superfluous, for they were in; "find seats if you can. Shall I send out for easy-chairs? and will you take whiskey or champagne? Won't you come home with me to dinner?"

Look 'ere, guv'nor," said the voice from under the cap, "we don't mean no 'arm. This is a puffickly fren'ly visit, ain't it, Bill?"

"Ay," said Bill.

"My fren' Mr. Bill Sykes," said the voice, by way of introduction.

"Fine day, sir," said Mr. Bill Sykes, who looked the part. He then removed a hideous chunk of tobacco from his mouth, spat on the floor, put back the tobacco, gave a sigh of sweet relief, and looked at me about as amiably as a bull-dog when you've trod on its tail.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, after a short interval, "what can I do for you? You don't want easy-chairs, you decline whiskey, champagne you scoff at, and you absolutely refuse to come home to dine with me. Don't think you're not welcome! I'm delighted to see you; but still we might get on more sociably if one of you would lead the conversation to a congenial subject. Come now!" I added in my most winning tones.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," said the voice again.

"Thanks! But you've remarked that already."

"We don't mean no 'arm."

"That too."

"This is a puffickly fren'ly visit."

"This is becoming monotonous."

"Ain't it, Bill?"

"Awfully so!"

"Ay," answered Bill.

"Gentlemen," I said, "this is interesting. You know your parts. But more than one repetition will be too much for my nerves. So I propose to leave now; will you kindly do the same?"

That put life into them. One turned the key in the lock, whilst the others crowded round and said that they would see me in various places before they would let me leave. The voice under the cap, however, kept its presence of mind. Gently putting the others back by a process of inserting its fist, not slowly, into their eyes, it began again.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor."

"This is too much," I said; "it's torture."

"We've got your bloomin' paper, and wot do we find there? Why, a comp'ny, a comp'ny,

to take the bread out of the poor man's mouth: you're startin' a comp'ny to rob the poor man of his bit—of his honest livin'!"

"How the dickens is that?" I asked.

He pointed to the "Musical Burglaries" advertisement. Then he said, "Joe, see if any wun is on the stairs."

"Joe" opened the door cautiously, peeped out, and said there was no one.

"We're burglars," said the voice.

"Great heavens!" I said involuntarily.

"Now we don't mean no 'arm, and this is a puffickly fren'ly visit, but if you don't stop this dam nonsense, why——" and he left the sentence significantly unfinished.

I took in the situation rapidly.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if you will read the ad. carefully, you'll see that the company proposes not to supersede, but to supplement, the private burglar. See in how many ways that will be of advantage to you. In the first place, burglaries will be much more common, and the police will not be able to attend to you so carefully as they have recently. Secondly, if any of you are out of work, you can get employment (without risk) from the company. Lastly, why cannot you all take shares in the company and run it yourselves? It's much better than private enterprise."

"We never thort o' that, guv'nor," said the voice, mollified.

They were talking the thing over, and though there were disagreements, on the whole they liked the idea. Suddenly I looked out of the window and said to myself, but sufficiently loud,—

"There's a bobby and the inspector gone up the court; they'll be back in five minutes."

In one minute the room was empty.

But I was now determined that if I remained editor, the policy and style of the paper should be totally changed.

(To be continued.)

## Our Quartette Party.

(Continued from page 131.)

NEXT they attack the scherzo, playing the little figure of which so much is made—



very delicately with the tip of the bow; and Violin I. gives the first beat of each bar just the required accent to make the movement walk along. Directly after the double bar there is a stoppage.

"There you are again," says Cello. "It's a most curious thing that no one"—and he looks significantly at Violin I.—"that no one seems to be able to play an ascending passage without making a splendid crescendo, which may, however, be entirely out of place."

"It should be a crescendo," says Mr. Violin, who is once more the culprit. "One feels that a crescendo is needed."

"If that is the case," says Cello, "it's obvious that your high D $\sharp$  and B will be forte. Then why should Beethoven have placed a forte mark in the very next bar?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Violin I. replies very testily.

"I thought not," says Cello. "I tell you Beethoven wants a sforzando only on the first high B after the double bar; then he wants the

rest of the passage piano—as soft as you like; then, when the passage is repeated, it is played forte right through, or, at least, until the decrescendo mark arrives, by way of contrast to its first form."

"You seem to know a very great deal of what Beethoven wants, and what Beethoven doesn't want. Didn't know you were on such intimate terms with him!" growls Mr. Violin.

"Cello is right, though," chimes in Viola.

"Well, if you think so, I suppose he is," retorts Violin.

And in spite of Violin's testiness, he knows Cello is right; and they play the passage that way, the result being beautiful.

At the second score, bars 2 and 3, page 52, there is a little alteration again. It is the hardest thing in the world to get the average violinist to play a passage absolutely level. He is everlasting swelling it out or letting it die away. In the present case both Mr. and Miss Violin begin making the crescendo until Viola and Cello rebel.

"If you do that," Cello objects, "how on earth are we to get that splendid crescendo in the next two bars? That part ought to be absolutely level, and the tone colourless almost. Then let it come out, and hurry the time too, if you like, so that the high C in the next bar shines, so to speak, like an electric light just bursting into radiance above our heads."

"Look here," Miss Violin interposes—"look here, Mr. Cello, you're interrupting us every four bars."

"Every two bars," grumbles Violin.

"And now you're interrupting me," continues Miss Violin. "Let me settle the matter. Now why can't we go on to the end, and you three can settle your little disputes after I'm gone. I can't bear this squabbling about fortes and pianos!"

Cello is aghast, and says nothing. They play the passage again, however, and it comes right. Some of my readers perhaps attended the last Mottl concert. Now it is customary to make a long crescendo in that passage leading into the finale. The consequence is that very frequently the orchestra has reached the limit of its powers before the glorious C major theme is reached. But Mottl held his men back until the last four bars, and then let them go. The effect was overwhelming, and quartette players may take a hint from that. If they want to fetch out the brilliance of a like passage, let the crescendo be short and strong.

"Ah! I've got you this time," bursts out Violin, a few bars later. "Your bass is far too strong. This part, where Miss Violin leads off with C $\sharp$  D, and sustains the latter note, is to be played as expressively as you know how, with a swelling and falling of the tone in the fourth bar."

Cello agrees, and says he was thinking over the passage that follows.

"Don't then," says Violin severely. "Sufficient unto the minute is the phrase before you. As for that next part, for once (if your highness is willing!) a crescendo is needed, and each of us must play our phrase in turn thus—



making a gradual crescendo until the top note and tone chord are reached."

So they do that, and the effect is satisfactory. There are few difficulties in the trio. Our party found that the pace should be kept down so as to allow the 1, 2, 3 in a bar to be felt; then they hurried up at the end, to lead prettily and daintily back to the scherzo again.

(To be continued.)



## The "Beethoven Museum" at Bonn.



**S**URELY no place could be more suitable for the relics of a great man than the house in which he was born. Salzburg has its Mozarteum, and Bonn its Beethoven-Haus; and it seems a pity that there are not more institutions of a similar character—for instance, one consecrated to Bach at Eisenach, another to Handel at Halle, and say a third to Haydn at Rohrau. The noblest memorials of the great composers are, of course, the works which they wrote, but it is something more than idle curiosity which prompts men to collect autographs and letters, books, pictures, prints, trinkets, anything, in fact, which may be connected with, or have belonged to some departed genius. Such treasure-stores are refreshing in this matter-of-fact world.

It was nearly sixty-two years after the death of Beethoven before the first steps were taken to purchase his birth-house at Bonn, and convert it into a museum. A meeting was held at the residence of Herr Neusser—the "Breuning" house of famous memory—on Feb. 24, 1889, at which it was decided to purchase the birth-house, to found a society, and to invite Dr. J. Joachim to become the honorary president. The house was purchased for the sum of 57,000 marks, the eminent violinist gladly accepted an honour of which he was well worthy, and in May, 1890, the exhibition of Beethoven relics, collected from all parts, was opened. Such was the beginning of the Museum. As yet the collection of relics actually belonging to the Beethoven-Haus is small, but of very great interest. Every year no doubt something will be added to it; there are treasures in the libraries of Berlin and Vienna which, of course, cannot be moved, but there are sketch-books, letters, trinkets, scattered about the world which may, eventually, find their way to Bonn. Quite recently Johannes Brahms presented the manuscript, copied by Beethoven's father, of a cantata by Philip Emanuel Bach, on which the composer has written: "Von meinen theuren Vater geschrieben" (written by my dear father). Mention has been made of the long period which elapsed between the death of Beethoven and the purchase of the birth-house. It should not be forgotten that for many years fierce con-

troversy raged as to the whereabouts of that house. The parents of Beethoven, during the youthful days of the composer at Bonn, moved about from house to house—and as the parents, so, afterwards, the son; at Vienna he, too, was constantly changing his abode—and so it came to pass that various houses claimed the honour of being Beethoven's birthplace. Among these, there were two of special prominence\*: one in the Rheingasse, the other in the Bonngasse. So strong was public opinion in favour of the former, that a tablet was affixed to it. Through the careful researches, however, of Mr. A. W. Thayer, Beethoven's great biographer, the claim of the Bonngasse house has been firmly established.

One of the most highly-prized treasures in the Beethoven House is the famous portrait of the Countess Theresa of Brunswick, presented by her to the composer, which he carefully kept until the day of his death. Of course every one knows the famous letters to the "Immortal Beloved One," the originals of which are preserved in the Berlin Royal Library. For many years they were supposed to have been addressed to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2) is dedicated. Mr. A. W. Thayer, however, in his Beethoven biography, has come to the conclusion that they were written to the Countess of Brunswick, and a little book has recently been published by Miriam Tenger, entitled, *Beethoven's unsterbliche Geliebte* (Beethoven's Immortal Beloved One), in which she asserts that there was a secret engagement between the Countess of Brunswick and the composer in the year 1806, and that shortly afterwards his bride elect presented him with that portrait. On the back of the frame she wrote, with her own hand:

Dem seltenen Genie  
Dem grossen Künstler  
Dem guten Menschen.

—Von T. B.

that is

To the rare genius  
To the great artist  
To the good man

—From T. B.

This is not the moment to enter into the details of this romantic story. It may, however, be well to say, that the "Guicciardi" theory has not been entirely abandoned; only in 1891, Dr. Alfred Christlieb Kalischer published a pamphlet, entitled, *Die "Unsterbliche Geliebte" Beethovens, Giulietta Guicciardi oder Theresa Brunswick?* (The "Immortal Beloved One" of Beethoven's, Giulietta Guicciardi or Theresa Brunswick?), in which he argues in favour of the first-named lady. That a certain mystery should surround such a delicate matter is rather an advantage; if that mystery were definitely solved, Beethoven's love romance would probably diminish in interest. The

\* Schindler, in his biography of Beethoven (3rd Ed., vol. 1, pages 1 and 2), writes as follows:—"With respect to the birth-house at Bonn, Dr. Wegeler, on page 6 of his *Biographical Notices concerning L. v. Beethoven*, remarks, that in all probability it was the house in the Bonngasse, marked 515; and he names a Frau Mertens, née Lengersdorf, who lived opposite, and who was of the same opinion." And then further on Schindler adds:—"In spite of the certainty afforded by the book of entry of baptisms of the parish church in question, there arose fierce controversy with respect to the birth-house of our tone-poet, on the occasion of the unveiling of his monument at Bonn in 1845. Jealousy and greed fought their hardest in favour of the house No. 934 in the Rheingasse, in which the Beethoven family actually lived about the eighties. Even the repeated confirmation of Wegeler's in the supplement to the *Biographical Notices*, that the house in the Bonngasse, formerly indicated, was undoubtedly the birth-house, did not silence the noisy disputants."

"Brunswick" portrait came into the possession of the Bonn museum in the following manner. After the death of Beethoven, it passed into the hands of the nephew, then to Frau Carl von Beethoven, his widow. In the year 1861 it was given to the late Hofcapellmeister J. Hellmesberger, out of gratitude for the services which he rendered in connection with the reinterment of the remains of Beethoven and Schubert, and he, in his turn, presented it to the Beethoven House.

Among the musical relics there are four volumes containing the parts of the great Quartet in B flat (Op. 130), written out by Beethoven's nephew Carl; the writing is beautifully neat, and there are corrections made by the master himself. The story of this nephew is indeed a melancholy one; by his wicked, heartless conduct he embittered the last years of the composer, and, as Sir George Grove states in his "Beethoven" article, "directly or indirectly, brought the life of the great composer to an end long before its natural term." This carefully written manuscript offers then a welcome contrast to this dark picture. These part-books were, it is said, intended for Prince Galitzin, to whom the work was dedicated. They were presented by Dr. J. Joachim to the Beethoven-Haus Verein. A *propos* of this Prince Galitzin, many letters passed between him and Beethoven about the Quartets in E flat (Op. 127), in B flat (Op. 130), and in A minor (Op. 132). In 1823 Beethoven undertook to write three new quartets for the not exorbitant price of fifty ducats (about £23) per quartet. Beethoven took a long time to write them, for they were only sent to the Prince towards the end of the year 1826. The latter, on the other hand, took a long time to pay—in fact, never paid the full sum promised. At the time of Beethoven's death it seems that only 104 ducats had been paid. After the composer's death, Carl, his heir, opened up a correspondence with the Prince, claiming the arrears, but did not receive all that he demanded. In the Beethoven-Haus, there are also two leaves of sketches for the B flat Quartet.

Two things recall that terrible malady which cast such a deep shadow over the composer's life. There are the ear-trumpets, made for Beethoven by Maelzel, the inventor of the metronome. At one time they belonged to the Berlin Royal Library, but were presented by the German Emperor to the Bonn house. And then there is the grand pianoforte made specially for Beethoven by Graf; it has four strings to each note, almost throughout. On the death of Beethoven the instrument returned into the hands of its maker. From thence it fell into the possession of the bookseller Wimmer, and through his daughter into that of Pharrer Widmann's. It was purchased from his son for Bonn.

At the great exhibition of 1890, when the House was opened, many treasures were lent in order to render the inauguration as imposing as possible. There was, for instance, the autograph score of the Choral Symphony, of the B flat pianoforte Trio (Op. 97), and of the C sharp minor Sonata; the Royal Library owns the first, the Mendelssohn family the second, and Herr Carl Meinert the last. Also the Sketch-Book of 1803, containing sketches of the *Eroica*, sketches for the Pastoral Symphony, Fidelio sketches; further, a copy in score, written out by Beethoven, of the five-part Fugue in B flat minor from Bach's *Wohltemperiertes Clavier*; also the voice parts of some numbers from Mozart's *Don Juan*. Also some of the Conversation-Books, books in which, apart from conversations, he noted down thoughts. In one he speaks of two things which fill him with astonishment and awe:—



"The starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me."

In another he writes:—

"It is said that Art is long, life short. It is only life which is long, and Art short; the breath of the latter should raise us to the Gods."

And in a third, he speaks of "that creature Rossini esteemed by no true master of art."

## Mr. Dan Wylie.

### An Interview.

ON a lovely afternoon in June, in obedience to the editorial behest, I went to Perth to interview Mr. Dan Wylie.

Mr. Wylie, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, met me at the station, and without delay we set off for the East Parish Church, of which he is organist and choirmaster. As our time was limited I got Mr. Wylie to tell me a little of his life as we walked along.

Born in Edinburgh in 1856, he was brought up in Perth, and there received his ordinary education. Showing a decided aptitude for music, his father placed him under Mr. Linter, of St. Ninian's Cathedral, with whom the lad made much progress. Acting upon the advice of several local musicians, Mr. Wylie went to Leipzig to finish his musical studies, being enrolled a student of the famous Conservatorium in April, 1875.

Having only a year to spend in Germany, he set himself, with all the determination of the Scot, to make the very best use of his time. Often he would spend nine or ten hours at the organ or piano, and six or seven at theoretical studies! This exceptional attention to his work has borne excellent fruit, for Mr. Wylie has been enabled to overtake an immense amount of work, which he could never have done had it not been for the hours of hard grinding at Leipzig. Mr. Wylie's masters were: For organ, the late Dr. E. F. Richter; for piano, Dr. Kretschmar; for harmony, Alfred Richter; for composition, Julius Lammers. With such a quartette of excellent instructors it was to be expected that a pupil of Mr. Wylie's powers would do well. The "Directorial Zeugnis" or "Leaving Certificate," with which Mr. Wylie was presented, bears out in high terms of unstinted praise what the Directors thought of him and his work. This interesting and much cherished document is signed by Carl Reinecke, E. F. Richter, Dr. Oscar Paul, Dr. Papperitz, and other well-known musicians. During his stay abroad Mr. Wylie took the opportunity of improving himself in his linguistic studies, with the result that he now speaks French, German, and Russian. Returning home to his native town he busied himself with producing pianoforte concertos in conjunction with local orchestras; assisting the Choral and Musical Societies in their public performances; and generally doing what lay to his hand for the advancement of the art. He also attempted to start an Amateur Opera Company, but his efforts here were not crowned with success, owing to the disinclination of the ladies to appear in short frocks!

He had now reached the door of the church with which Mr. Wylie has been connected since 1885. On entering one cannot help being struck with the extreme plainness of the building. It was, at one time, a part of the grand old cathedral of Perth, in which John Knox preached one of his fiery sermons with such startling

effect, that the people in an excited religious frenzy, tore down and destroyed the ecclesiastical decorations.

In one corner is the organ, an exceptionally fine instrument, now rebuilt on the "Hope-Jones Electro-Pneumatic System," at a cost of £500, generously borne by Mr. Robert and Mr. James F. Pullar, of Perth. There cannot be two opinions regarding the usefulness of this invention. Some of the combinations obtainable on such an instrument are little short of marvellous. Perhaps one of the greatest benefits is the "stop-switch," which enables the organist to prepare for any sudden change indicated on the score, beforehand. Then, again, the "double touch" enables the player to get the most delicate and wonderful effects by a mere extra pressure of the hands; such effects being quite unobtainable on an ordinary key-board.

Mr. Wylie played me the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*, more out of deference to my wishes than to his own opinion of Wagner's music as adapted for the organ. Most admirable did the masterpiece sound, and some of the effects obtained on this most splendid instrument were perfectly Wagnerian in character. As the intensely expressive and noble themes sounded through the church, I could not help thinking of Browning's lines—

"I can always leave off talking  
When I hear a master play."

Since 1886 Mr. Wylie has held the post of Hon. Examiner for the Royal College of Music. Among other aids for the advancement of art, Mr. Wylie has been instrumental in giving a large number of concerts in Perth, at which the leading artistes of the day have appeared. At many of those concerts Mr. Wylie himself has taken part either at the piano or organ.

As we walked back to the station I asked Mr. Wylie what was his opinion of the practical results from the increased musical services which are so frequent now-a-days in all our churches. To this he replied—

"Unless there is to be more genuine heart-felt expression in them, I am afraid that their usefulness in making better men and women of us is coming to a close. The words, whether prayerful, meditative, or joyful, should receive their proper amount of expression from choir, organist, and congregation. Otherwise they will fail to have any effect on the minds of those taking part or listening to them."

"Now, about your own compositions, Mr. Wylie?"

"Well, I have done one or two things, but having a horror of rushing into print, have not up till now published much. There is such a vast lot of trash printed every year that one is better not to join in the throng."

Such a resolution is all very well, but the public are in this case the losers.

Mr. Wylie showed me a "Hymn" (for organ and choir, composed for the Dedication Service at the East Church), which proved him to be both a clever and cultured composer.

"One more question and I am done. What about your fellow-students?"

"One gets out of the way of following their movements," answered Mr. Wylie, with an interest that silently told how glad he was not to speak more of himself, "but those I have noticed of late are Madame Hopkirk, the well known pianiste; Dr. Sawyers, the author of a work on *Extemporisation*, and composer of *Orpheus*; and Drs. King and Wareing both leading musicians."

As we parted Mr. Wylie made me promise to tell the plain unvarnished truth concerning him, a promise which I have faithfully carried out.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

## The History of Music.

AN exceedingly interesting lecture on the History of Music was given in the Arnold College Gymnasium, Bournemouth, on Saturday afternoon, June 17th, by Dr. W. Lemare, who illustrated his subject by musical compositions of ancient and modern times. The discourse was a comprehensive one, for it dealt with scores of instruments from the days of the Hebrew patriarchs to the present age. Dividing his great subject into six periods, the accomplished doctor glided through the centuries, explaining the character of primitive string, wind, and percussion instruments, tracing the development of musical systems and the gradual advance of the divine art from barbaric rudeness to the finished wonders of opera, oratorio and orchestral masterpieces. The illustrations were performed by the lecturer, and Miss Lemare, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Spencer, and several of the doctor's pupils. The most interesting and curious example was the quotation from the hymn to Apollo, composed 278 B.C. and written upon marble, recently discovered at Delphi by the French Archaeological School of Athens. Dr. Lemare very properly presented it without the modern setting, which he seemed to consider somewhat of an impertinence, and it was sung by himself and Mr. Lloyd. Written in five-four time, it is a difficult thing to render, but it was skilfully and lovingly interpreted, and elicited a hearty round of applause. Marked by dramatic force and classic tenderness, it touched the sympathies of the hearers, who could not be otherwise than impressed by the idea that they were listening to the identical strains which moved Greek worshippers of 2,000 years ago. Another pleasing extract was the "Love Divine" duet, by Sir John Stainer, sweetly sung by Miss Lemare and Mr. Lloyd, and very effective was an instrumental trio, by Mendelssohn, for pianoforte (Miss Spencer), organ (Dr. Lemare), and violin (Mr. Spencer). A charming sample of Bach was exquisitely played by Miss Marrin, a little maiden of some ten or twelve summers, who bore herself at the piano with the grace and composure of a well-trained artiste. Altogether the lecture occupied an hour and a half instructively and agreeably, and Dr. Lemare well merited the approbation bestowed upon his bold attempt to condense into a nutshell a topic big enough to fill ponderous tomes.

WE have heard, says the *Athenaeum*, little recently of Mr. Hamish MacCunn. It is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that the talented young Scottish composer has practically finished his opera, "Jeanie Deans," and that it will positively be produced by the Carl Rosa Company next season. Mr. MacCunn is also said to have written three pieces of a dramatic character for violoncello and pianoforte.

AMONG the posthumous papers of Dr. Philip Spitta, author of the gigantic biography of Bach, has been found an important *History of the Romantic Opera*, which will probably occupy at least two large volumes. Spitta was occupied on this book for some years, and he put the finishing touches to it only a week before his death.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—Scholarships have just been awarded to Catherine Allen and Florence Louise Moody for pianoforte playing, also Exhibitions to Ethel J. Renwick for pianoforte, F. M. Barrett for singing, and Charles P. Knight for harmony and counterpoint. The judges were Dr. Walter H. Sangster (in the chair), Dr. F. J. Kern, and Mr. A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Cantab.



## ❖ The Organ World. ❖

### WHAT THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS MIGHT DO.

It was lately my duty to criticise severely the Royal College of Organists, late the College of Organists, *Limited*, and to that criticism objections have been raised, as was natural. Finding notes in your brother's eye is a pleasant occupation, but what man or institution likes to be reminded of the beam in his or its own eye? Wherefore my reminder of profits made and invested, of a millinery department, of money spent on *Musical News*, gave little delight. But to such points no reply was made, for the best possible reason—more was possible. However, some small attention has been paid to my remarks on the lectures. A prominent member writes me: "The lectures your paper derided the other month were in a much more advanced spirit than you seemed disposed to grant. Even 'Consecutive Fifths' was a long protest against the too arbitrary laws concerning their use." Surely the discussion of the elements of harmony might be left to those who are studying the elements—school-boys, namely. Then again "transposition"—but no; any one who needs to be convinced on these matters will never be convinced. Fools will go on in their folly, and pedants in their pedanticism, until the end of the world?—well, perhaps not: say until the end of the College of Organists.

But one cannot help regretting that this institution should so stultify itself. Its profits, its millinery, its *Musical News*, and its pedanticism, do not concern us so much as the matters it leaves undone. Let me briefly recount what it might do.

(1) It might abolish its present examinations altogether, substituting for them tests that would discover what candidates were really worth as artists. Acoustics should be forgotten, and the date of the invention of the swell-box neglected. Counterpoint should be left altogether, or only the minimum introduced; students should not be expected to "answer" given fugue subjects—generally absurd ones; for a test in harmony students should be asked to harmonise a good melody, not with rigid adherence to rule, but making it as beautiful as possible. At the organ they should have to play not one but several pieces of music; not difficult pieces, but fairly simple ones, and the renderings should be artistically perfect. Sight reading *proper* should be tested. The candidate should have a piece of music (that is to say, something different from the present sight-tests) set before him, and be asked to play it three times, the first time at whatever pace and however the candidate pleases, the second time with fair correctness and at something approaching the correct pace, the third time, artistically and at the true tempo.

(2) It might do something for the lesser known oppressed organists. The most scandalous treatment these receive from many of the clergy has not yet been realized by the public, or it might be ended. Let the College of Organists call public attention to the matter; let it get itself represented at Church Conferences and the like, and work to the end that the organist, like the vicar, shall have fixity of tenure. Let it collar Bishops, Deans, and such fry, making them honorary members or anything else that flatters their little vanity, and bring their influence to bear on the other clergy, and in the right direction. When an organist is (say) wrongly dismissed, let it do all it can to rein-

state the victim, and let it denounce the offending parson.

(3) It might substitute for the present tedious twaddling lectures, interesting discussions on live art matters. Comparatively little is known of our early English composers and the music they wrote; the true relation in which Handel stood to Purcell is understood by not one per cent. of English musicians; the direction in which organ music is developing, or whether it is developing at all, at the present moment, is never thought of. Here, surely, are subjects for lectures. Or if technicalities *must* be the subject, it might be considered whether the present organ-technique is not capable of improvement, and whether in view of the era of electric organs which is close upon us, it might not be advantageously modified.

These are a few modest proposals. But doubtless the R.C.O. will continue to struggle to deserve the title of the Royal College of Pedants; and counterpoint will remain the corner stone of the edifice. Natural artistic tests, and especially sight-tests, will not be introduced. The examiners are "busy men," and "cannot spare time." Nor will the poor organist be helped. The leading members of the R.C.O. have special axes that want grinding, and will enter upon no conflict with the clergy.

Then, gentlemen of the College of Organists, you will do absolutely nothing to deserve the position you claim? In that case you cannot blame those of us who regard you as money-grabbing pork-butchers who have gone into art, for we cannot regard you as artists.

#### ORGAN NOTES.

The Hope-Jones Electric Organ Co. have recently put their action to an organ built for Mr. Threlfall by Mr. Gern. The Consol now stands at one end of the room while the main body of the organ is at the other. The touch is absolutely perfect, the pipes speak instantaneously, and the arrangement that takes the places of the old draw stops is most ingenious and satisfactory. We shall shortly give a detailed account of the Hope-Jones system.

The Fourteenth Annual Festival of the Epping Forest Church Choir Association was held in Norwich Cathedral on June 16th, at 3 p.m. Mr. J. W. Ulyett was the conductor, and Mr. H. Riding the organist. A short address was given by the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich. A special express train ran, *via* Cambridge and Ely, from Loughton, calling at Buckhurst Hill, Woodford, George Lane, Snarebrook, Leytonstone, Leyton, and Stratford.

A purse and address has been presented to Mr. W. Last, organist of All Saints' Church, Squirrel's Heath.

Mr. Readhead have been organist of the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Paddington, for the last thirty years, and has at length had to retire on account of his health. The church has given him a pension of £100 a year, and a testimonial fund is being raised. Those who wish to contribute should write at once to the vicar. Mr. Readhead's successor is Mr. Mervyn Dene, a student at the London Academy of Music.

Mr. J. C. Hirst, L.R.A.M., and A.R.C.O., has been appointed organist and choirmaster at the Free College Church, Glasgow.

The organ at Balruddery, near Dundee, very beautifully voiced by Thynne and reconstructed on the Hope-Jones system, was opened by Dr. Peace on the afternoon of Saturday, 10th June.

Some memorial is to be formed in recognition of (to use the current slang) Mr. W. T. Best's services to Music. We are glad to hear it. Had Mr. Best been a political man and worked as hard, his party before now would have rewarded him with a peerage and a pension of some thousands per annum. Being only a musician—!

Speaking at the meeting called to consider the question Dr. Browne said:—"He was, to begin with, richly endowed by nature. He had a remarkable hand and a marvellous touch, and, what was of importance for an organist, a remarkable foot. He had an acute and accurate ear. He was endowed, too, with that nervous temperament usually associated with great artistic talents, though it was not always a blessing to its possessor or a pleasure to his friends. With those talents he had associated the most remarkable industry, and that astonishing industry, with those talents, had lifted him into the proud position he occupied of being not only the premier organist of Liverpool, but the best organist in England, the best organist in Europe, the best organist in the world. Mr. Best's reputation, however, was not a popular reputation, not the reputation of people who only half-understood his business; of people incapable of appreciating the small difference between best and second best. His reputation was highest amongst the highest. It was the reputation of a consummate craftsman among craftsmen of consummate skill. There was scarcely another instance in the arts in which artists had so unanimously turned to acknowledge the master. He (Dr. Browne) remembered the visit to Liverpool of a foreigner, who was invited to go and hear Mr. Best play. He declined. 'We do not expect,' he said, 'to hear anything like that in England. I have lived among musicians all my life. I have heard so and so play the organ, that is enough for me; I do not want to hear the organ played again.' He was persuaded to go, however. On leaving, he said, 'I have heard the master. I have never heard such playing. There is not another man in Europe who could play like it.'"

## The Amsterdam à Capella Choir.

### INTERVIEW WITH MR. DANIEL DE LANGE.

It is nine years since this choir surprised and delighted the English public by its singing at the Inventions' Exhibition and in the Albert Hall; and in this age of hurry and ten concerts per diem its shining virtues had, I confess, somewhat faded from my memory, when it paid us another visit in the merry month of May. That intermittent fever, the concert season, was in full blaze; and when Mr. Grein sent me an invitation—engraved on a piece of pasteboard of positively appalling dimensions—I was, let us say, indifferent. However, I dropped in at St. Martin's Hall late in the evening, and took a back seat, just under the clock, which has a fine resonant tick, and serves the purpose of a metronome. It was an evening of annoyances. First, I had some difficulty in effecting an entry; for although I pointed out to the door-keeper that it was unreasonable to expect a critic to carry about a huge thing like that invite, he didn't see it in that light, and was at first unwilling to admit me. Then there was that clock. It is admirable in the louder passages, for then you don't hear it; it isn't out of place in the softer parts, if Mr. de Lange should happen to be beating sixty to the minute—the rate affected by the pendulum; but as Mr. de Lange is a true conductor, and not a metronome, he rarely gives sixty, or any other number, to the minute, for many seconds together—and then you feel the



full horror of the clock! I am no pugilist, or undoubtedly would have tried my prowess on the face of the machine. But even worse than the clock was the incessant chatter of the editor of the *M—T—*, the critic of the *St—r*, and Mr. Ach—lle R—v—rde, whom the two former gentlemen seemed to be showing round, with the end in view, I should imagine, of afterwards writing unbiassed criticism of his violin-playing.

But, says the impatient reader, why all this preliminary? Don't you see it is only my artistic way of showing how very fine is the singing of the Amsterdam choir? In spite of door-keeper, clock and critics, the old Dutch music fairly ravished me. I went next evening, and as often afterwards as was possible; and in the end determined to interview the conductor, and give my readers some account of him. Wherefore I invaded his privacy in the, let us say, Golden Gate Hotel, and met with a cordial reception and the offer of a cigar. After breaking the news gently to Mr. de Lange that none of the Magazine staff spoiled their nerves by smoking, I plumped into the midst of things by asking where and when he was born—not why, as the foolish interviewer doth.

"In Rotterdam, July 11, 1841," Mr. Daniel de Lange replied.

"Would you mind telling me, not to gratify idle curiosity, but to the end that my readers may be instructed, how you were drawn into music?"

"Certainly! My father was organist of Rotterdam Cathedral, and I drew in music with the air I breathed, and the food I ate, as it were. At four years of age I knew the notes and played a little; at eight I began to study my instrument, the 'cello, with Ganz, then a celebrated 'cello player; and at ten I went to Verhulst, a composer and director of most of the festivals held in Holland. He was the friend of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and indeed all the distinguished musicians of the period."

"You studied composition with him?"

"Yes; at twelve I had to write several psalms and anthems, and I remember one especially that was given at some concert under my direction."

"Were you long with Verhulst?"

"No; not very long. When I was fourteen I went to Brussels, and studied with Franz Servais. I was not in the Conservatoire; I was a private pupil of Servais, and lived with him for three years. Then, later, I went with my brother to Vienna. Of course you've heard of my brother. He was then professor at Cologne; and now he is at Stuttgart. He was"—or it may be Mr. de Lange said, he is—"conductor of the Cologne Male Voice Choir. Well, we gave concerts in Vienna, and then toured through Hungary, Poland, Roumania, and Russia. The tour was interrupted by my appointment as professor in the Conservatoire at Lemberg, where I remained four years. Then I went to Rotterdam for a year; and thence to Paris, where I was organist at the Protestant Chapel of *Coquerel fils*, and conductor of the choir. Under my direction were performed there the *Messiah*, *Israel in the Desert* by Philip Emanuel Bach, and a number of other works."

"What is the work you mention by young Bach?"

"*Israel in the Desert*—a most interesting oratorio. It has never been published, so far as I know."

"Is it possible to get a copy of it?"

"If you wish to see it, I will endeavour to secure you the loan of a copy."

Of course I thanked Mr. de Lange, and told him I would be delighted; and if the copy is forthcoming, I propose to print some selections for my readers' benefit. By the way, it should

not be forgotten that Mr. de Lange himself translated the original German words into French; and that the performances he gave were of the very best, Schroeder-Devrient and other equally great singers being amongst the artists.

"Did you find life exciting in Paris at that time?"

"It was enjoyable, at any rate. All the famous artists were to be seen and talked to there—Saint Saëns, Wieniawski, Berlioz, and the rest. And then the war of '70 broke out."

"That's what I was thinking of when I said 'exciting,'" said the present writer. "And then?"

"And then I went to Amsterdam, where I became professor at the music-school and choirmaster of two churches, which, by the way, I still am. We produced there the *Messiah*, Bach's *Passion*, Brahms' German *Requiem*, and other big works."

The intelligent reader will already have noticed that Mr. de Lange speaks of producing the *Messiah* as a somewhat unusual achievement. He will also have reflected that the *Messiah* by no means occupies the place on the Continent that it occupies here; and is indeed as little known to the average German, French, or Dutch musician as Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* or *St. John Passion* to the average English musician. The reader will, I say, have observed and reflected thus. I merely mention the matter for the sake of completeness, and find I have interrupted Mr. de Lange, who went straight on as one not unaccustomed to the interviewer. What a delight it is to chance upon a man who is interviewable, and does not stare at you with a vacant, idiotic grin, or insist upon telling you all about his uncles' domestic habits and his grandmother's fondness for cats. Mr. de Lange went straight to the point, making my work easy; and I repay him ill by keeping him out while I chat confidentially to my readers.

"Besides that, they made me conductor of a male voice choir and general secretary of the—," and here followed a word not provided for in our alphabet.

Startled, I shouted, "The WHAT?"

Mr. de Lange looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, and produced a pamphlet on which was graven the legend—

"MAATSCHAPPIJZ LOT BEVORDERING DER TOONSKUNST."

Supposing this to be the name of a recently invented kind of wild beast, I sat in silence, wondering why De Lange had anything to do with such a zoological undertaking.

"That is, in English, the Society for the Improvement of Musical Art."

"Of course," I replied, as if I had known that trifle all the time; "and how does the creature improve musical art?"

"Well," Mr. de Lange replied, "we help young artists in many ways; one being to provide funds for their education, another assistance in giving concerts. Then we have charge of a number of music-schools, and we organize all the musical festivals. All that entails a vast amount of work."

We next got upon the subject of the choir, but it may be mentioned at once that in '84 Mr. de Lange discussed with his friends the possibility of forming a Musical Conservatoire, and at once put into execution the plan that was hatched out. The Conservatoire is now thoroughly established on a sound basis, and Mr. de Lange is director of it.

"Now, would you mind telling me how the idea of your choir originated?"

"Well, it struck me that it might be worth while getting a small choir together to show the general public what great music the early Dutch

composers wrote. So I mentioned the matter to some of my friends, and they burst out laughing. However, we carried out the plan. The choir consisted of nine voices only, but they were all soloists. In '81 we gave a series of concerts of the old Dutch masterpieces, and continued them with immense success, not, however, going out of Holland until 1885. In that year we visited London, singing at the Inventions Exhibition, and giving three concerts in the Albert Hall. There were then only nine voices, as I've said; but in '92 we made the choir up to its present number—twenty-two—and went to the Musical Exhibition in Vienna, where we gave three concerts. Following that we sang at the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, and, in short, in all the principal cities."

"Can you tell me what is the special magic by which you get such splendid results?"

"There is no 'special magic.' Each one of my choir is a first-rate solo singer. Rogmans is the finest tenor in Holland, and Messchaert (bass) and Mdlle. Kempees are both famous singers. But there is one great secret of the ensemble we get: every one of the choir is a pupil of mine at the Amsterdam Conservatoire; I have trained them all from the beginning. Six months are spent in learning to sing scales accurately in tune. Then when we are studying a new motet or psalm or anthem, each part is rehearsed by itself; and not only that, but each singer is so rehearsed until the correct expression becomes an automatic matter."

After this we spoke of the old Dutch masters, and Mr. de Lange waxed enthusiastic indeed as he pointed out passage after passage of pure splendour. I remarked that in listening to the magnificent settings of some of the psalms by Sweelinck, I had felt more and more strongly that this was the music that would live; that in five centuries or so Sweelinck would be regarded as one of the greatest of the great ones.

"And Josquin de Pres, too," said Mr. de Lange fervently. "You have only heard a few scattered bits of his music; but hear some of the great masses—ah!" and words failed to express his admiration. "The new music is grand. Wagner, yes, very splendid, very beautiful. But it is outside; *this* is the music that came from inside!"

## Reminiscences of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

BY K. STANWAY.

Dedicated by permission to C. SANTLEY, ESQ.

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IT may seem rather late in the day to publish a pamphlet on Mendelssohn's greatest and best known work, but this little book is written on different lines and from a different standpoint to any we have seen on the subject.

Its aim is to tell the story of "Elijah" as a poem, a music drama, and a significant chapter in the history of man; as it appeared to the great musician's mind and heart; and it follows him step by step through the whole of his conception and almost re-creation of the story. It is full of a sustained enthusiasm, which is contagious and passes from point to point with a fulness of colour and detail which does not interfere with the breadth and unity of the whole work. The remarkable thing about this little book is, that while its analysis is so close that no word of the libretto, or no note of its musical illustration, escapes the writer's attention, there is yet no tedium in the reading, but the noble music is thereby recalled, and floats through the memory in an unbroken sequence of majesty and pathos. We cordially recommend it to our readers.



## →\* The Organ World. \*←

### WHAT THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS MIGHT DO.

IT was lately my duty to criticise severely the Royal College of Organists, late the College of Organists, *Limited*, and to that criticism objections have been raised, as was natural. Finding notes in your brother's eye is a pleasant occupation, but what man or institution likes to be reminded of the beam in his or its own eye? Wherefore my reminder of profits made and invested, of a millinery department, of money spent on *Musical News*, gave little delight. But to such points no reply was made, for the best possible reason—more was possible. However, some small attention has been paid to my remarks on the lectures. A prominent member writes me: "The lectures your paper derided the other month were in a much more advanced spirit than you seemed disposed to grant. Even 'Consecutive Fifths' was a long protest against the too arbitrary laws concerning their use." Surely the discussion of the elements of harmony might be left to those who are studying the elements—school-boys, namely. Then again "transposition"—but no; any one who needs to be convinced on these matters will never be convinced. Fools will go on in their folly, and pedants in their pedanticism, until the end of the world?—well, perhaps not: say until the end of the College of Organists.

But one cannot help regretting that this institution should so stultify itself. Its profits, its millinery, its *Musical News*, and its pedanticism, do not concern us so much as the matters it leaves undone. Let me briefly recount what it might do.

(1) It might abolish its present examinations altogether, substituting for them tests that would discover what candidates were really worth as artists. Acoustics should be forgotten, and the date of the invention of the swell-box neglected. Counterpoint should be left altogether, or only the minimum introduced; students should not be expected to "answer" given fugue subjects—generally absurd ones; for a test in harmony students should be asked to harmonise a good melody, not with rigid adherence to rule, but making it as beautiful as possible. At the organ they should have to play not one but several pieces of music; not difficult pieces, but fairly simple ones, and the renderings should be artistically perfect. Sight reading *proper* should be tested. The candidate should have a piece of music (that is to say, something different from the present sight-tests) set before him, and be asked to play it three times, the first time at whatever pace and however the candidate pleases, the second time with fair correctness and at something approaching the correct pace, the third time, artistically and at the true tempo.

(2) It might do something for the lesser known oppressed organists. The most scandalous treatment these receive from many of the clergy has not yet been realized by the public, or it might be ended. Let the College of Organists call public attention to the matter; let it get itself represented at Church Conferences and the like, and work to the end that the organist, like the vicar, shall have fixity of tenure. Let it collar Bishops, Deans, and such fry, making them honorary members or anything else that flatters their little vanity, and bring their influence to bear on the other clergy, and in the right direction. When an organist is (say) wrongly dismissed, let it do all it can to rein-

state the victim, and let it denounce the offending parson.

(3) It might substitute for the present tedious twaddling lectures, interesting discussions on live art matters. Comparatively little is known of our early English composers and the music they wrote; the true relation in which Handel stood to Purcell is understood by not one per cent. of English musicians; the direction in which organ music is developing, or whether it is developing at all, at the present moment, is never thought of. Here, surely, are subjects for lectures. Or if technicalities *must* be the subject, it might be considered whether the present organ-technique is not capable of improvement, and whether in view of the era of electric organs which is close upon us, it might not be advantageously modified.

These are a few modest proposals. But doubtless the R.C.O. will continue to struggle to deserve the title of the Royal College of Pedants; and counterpoint will remain the corner stone of the edifice. Natural artistic tests, and especially sight-tests, will not be introduced. The examiners are "busy men," and "cannot spare time." Nor will the poor organist be helped. The leading members of the R.C.O. have special axes that want grinding, and will enter upon no conflict with the clergy.

Then, gentlemen of the College of Organists, you will do absolutely nothing to deserve the position you claim? In that case you cannot blame those of us who regard you as money-grabbing pork-butchers who have gone into art, for we cannot regard you as artists.

#### ORGAN NOTES.

The Hope-Jones Electric Organ Co. have recently put their action to an organ built for Mr. Threlfall by Mr. Gern. The Console now stands at one end of the room while the main body of the organ is at the other. The touch is absolutely perfect, the pipes speak instantaneously, and the arrangement that takes the places of the old draw stops is most ingenious and satisfactory. We shall shortly give a detailed account of the Hope-Jones system.

The Fourteenth Annual Festival of the Epping Forest Church Choir Association was held in Norwich Cathedral on June 16th, at 3 p.m. Mr. J. W. Ulyett was the conductor, and Mr. H. Riding the organist. A short address was given by the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich. A special express train ran, *via* Cambridge and Ely, from Loughton, calling at Buckhurst Hill, Woodford, George Lane, Snarbrook, Leytonstone, Leyton, and Stratford.

A purse and address has been presented to Mr. W. Last, organist of All Saints' Church, Squirrel's Heath.

Mr. Readhead has been organist of the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Paddington, for the last thirty years, and has at length had to retire on account of his health. The church has given him a pension of £100 a year, and a testimonial fund is being raised. Those who wish to contribute should write at once to the vicar. Mr. Readhead's successor is Mr. Mervyn Dene, a student at the London Academy of Music.

Mr. J. C. Hirst, L.R.A.M., and A.R.C.O., has been appointed organist and choirmaster at the Free College Church, Glasgow.

The organ at Balruddery, near Dundee, very beautifully voiced by Thynne and reconstructed on the Hope-Jones system, was opened by Dr. Peace on the afternoon of Saturday, 10th June.

Some memorial is to be formed in recognition of (to use the current slang) Mr. W. T. Best's services to Music. We are glad to hear it. Had Mr. Best been a political man and worked as hard, his party before now would have rewarded him with a peerage and a pension of some thousands per annum. Being only a musician—!

Speaking at the meeting called to consider the question Dr. Browne said:—"He was, to begin with, richly endowed by nature. He had a remarkable hand and a marvellous touch, and, what was of importance for an organist, a remarkable foot. He had an acute and accurate ear. He was endowed, too, with that nervous temperament usually associated with great artistic talents, though it was not always a blessing to its possessor or a pleasure to his friends. With those talents he had associated the most remarkable industry, and that astonishing industry, with those talents, had lifted him into the proud position he occupied of being not only the premier organist of Liverpool, but the best organist in England, the best organist in Europe, the best organist in the world. Mr. Best's reputation, however, was not a popular reputation, not the reputation of people who only half-understood his business; of people incapable of appreciating the small difference between best and second best. His reputation was highest amongst the highest. It was the reputation of a consummate craftsman among craftsmen of consummate skill. There was scarcely another instance in the arts in which artists had so unanimously turned to acknowledge the master. He (Dr. Browne) remembered the visit to Liverpool of a foreigner, who was invited to go and hear Mr. Best play. He declined. 'We do not expect,' he said, 'to hear anything like that in England. I have lived among musicians all my life. I have heard so and so play the organ, that is enough for me; I do not want to hear the organ played again.' He was persuaded to go, however. On leaving, he said, 'I have heard the master. I have never heard such playing. There is not another man in Europe who could play like it.'"

## The Amsterdam à Capella Choir.

### INTERVIEW WITH MR. DANIEL DE LANGE.

IT is nine years since this choir surprised and delighted the English public by its singing at the Inventions' Exhibition and in the Albert Hall; and in this age of hurry and ten concerts per diem its shining virtues had, I confess, somewhat faded from my memory, when it paid us another visit in the merry month of May. That intermittent fever, the concert season, was in full blaze; and when Mr. Grein sent me an invitation—engraved on a piece of pasteboard of positively appalling dimensions—I was, let us say, indifferent. However, I dropped in at St. Martin's Hall late in the evening, and took a back seat, just under the clock, which has a fine resonant tick, and serves the purpose of a metronome. It was an evening of annoyances. First, I had some difficulty in effecting an entry; for although I pointed out to the door-keeper that it was unreasonable to expect a critic to carry about a huge thing like that invite, he didn't see it in that light, and was at first unwilling to admit me. Then there was that clock. It is admirable in the louder passages, for then you don't hear it; it isn't out of place in the softer parts, if Mr. de Lange should happen to be beating sixty to the minute—the rate affected by the pendulum; but as Mr. de Lange is a true conductor, and not a metronome, he rarely gives sixty, or any other number, to the minute, for many seconds together—and then you feel the



full horror of the clock! I am no pugilist, or undoubtedly would have tried my prowess on the face of the machine. But even worse than the clock was the incessant chatter of the editor of the *M—T—*, the critic of the *St-r*, and Mr. Ach-ille R-v-rde, whom the two former gentlemen seemed to be showing round, with the end in view, I should imagine, of afterwards writing unbiassed criticism of his violin-playing.

But, says the impatient reader, why all this preliminary? Don't you see it is only my artistic way of showing how very fine is the singing of the Amsterdam choir? In spite of door-keeper, clock and critics, the old Dutch music fairly ravished me. I went next evening, and as often afterwards as was possible; and in the end determined to interview the conductor, and give my readers some account of him. Wherefore I invaded his privacy in the, let us say, Golden Gate Hotel, and met with a cordial reception and the offer of a cigar. After breaking the news gently to Mr. de Lange that none of the Magazine staff spoiled their nerves by smoking, I plumped into the midst of things by asking where and when he was born—not why, as the foolish interviewer doth.

"In Rotterdam, July 11, 1841," Mr. Daniel de Lange replied.

"Would you mind telling me, not to gratify idle curiosity, but to the end that my readers may be instructed, how you were drawn into music?"

"Certainly! My father was organist of Rotterdam Cathedral, and I drew in music with the air I breathed, and the food I ate, as it were. At four years of age I knew the notes and played a little; at eight I began to study my instrument, the 'cello, with Ganz, then a celebrated 'cello player; and at ten I went to Verhulst, a composer and director of most of the festivals held in Holland. He was the friend of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and indeed all the distinguished musicians of the period."

"You studied composition with him?"

"Yes; at twelve I had to write several psalms and anthems, and I remember one especially that was given at some concert under my direction."

"Were you long with Verhulst?"

"No; not very long. When I was fourteen I went to Brussels, and studied with Franz Servais. I was not in the Conservatoire; I was a private pupil of Servais, and lived with him for three years. Then, later, I went with my brother to Vienna. Of course you've heard of my brother. He was then professor at Cologne; and now he is at Stuttgart. He was"—or it may be Mr. de Lange said, he is—"conductor of the Cologne Male Voice Choir. Well, we gave concerts in Vienna, and then toured through Hungary, Poland, Roumania, and Russia. The tour was interrupted by my appointment as professor in the Conservatoire at Lemberg, where I remained four years. Then I went to Rotterdam for a year; and thence to Paris, where I was organist at the Protestant Chapel of *Coquerel fils*, and conductor of the choir. Under my direction were performed there the *Messiah*, *Israel in the Desert* by Philip Emanuel Bach, and a number of other works."

"What is the work you mention by young Bach?"

"*Israel in the Desert*—a most interesting oratorio. It has never been published, so far as I know."

"Is it possible to get a copy of it?"

"If you wish to see it, I will endeavour to secure you the loan of a copy."

Of course I thanked Mr. de Lange, and told him I would be delighted; and if the copy is forthcoming, I propose to print some selections for my readers' benefit. By the way, it should

not be forgotten that Mr. de Lange himself translated the original German words into French; and that the performances he gave were of the very best, Schroeder-Devrient and other equally great singers being amongst the artists.

"Did you find life exciting in Paris at that time?"

"It was enjoyable, at any rate. All the famous artists were to be seen and talked to there—Saint Saëns, Wieniawski, Berlioz, and the rest. And then the war of '70 broke out."

"That's what I was thinking of when I said 'exciting,'" said the present writer. "And then?"

"And then I went to Amsterdam, where I became professor at the music-school and choirmaster of two churches, which, by the way, I still am. We produced there the *Messiah*, Bach's *Passion*, Brahms' German *Requiem*, and other big works."

The intelligent reader will already have noticed that Mr. de Lange speaks of producing the *Messiah* as a somewhat unusual achievement. He will also have reflected that the *Messiah* by no means occupies the place on the Continent that it occupies here; and is indeed as little known to the average German, French, or Dutch musician as Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* or *St. John Passion* to the average English musician. The reader will, I say, have observed and reflected thus. I merely mention the matter for the sake of completeness, and find I have interrupted Mr. de Lange, who went straight on as one not unaccustomed to the interviewer. What a delight it is to chance upon a man who is interviewable, and does not stare at you with a vacant, idiotic grin, or insist upon telling you all about his uncles' domestic habits and his grandmother's fondness for cats. Mr. de Lange went straight to the point, making my work easy; and I repay him ill by keeping him out while I chat confidentially to my readers.

"Besides that, they made me conductor of a male voice choir and general secretary of the—," and here followed a word not provided for in our alphabet.

Startled, I shouted, "The WHAT?"

Mr. de Lange looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, and produced a pamphlet on which was graven the legend—

"MAATSCHAPPIJZ LOT BEVORDERING DER TOONSKUNST."

Supposing this to be the name of a recently invented kind of wild beast, I sat in silence, wondering why De Lange had anything to do with such a zoological undertaking.

"That is, in English, the Society for the Improvement of Musical Art."

"Of course," I replied, as if I had known that trifle all the time; "and how does the creature improve musical art?"

"Well," Mr. de Lange replied, "we help young artists in many ways; one being to provide funds for their education, another assistance in giving concerts. Then we have charge of a number of music-schools, and we organize all the musical festivals. All that entails a vast amount of work."

We next got upon the subject of the choir, but it may be mentioned at once that in '84 Mr. de Lange discussed with his friends the possibility of forming a Musical Conservatoire, and at once put into execution the plan that was hatched out. The Conservatoire is now thoroughly established on a sound basis, and Mr. de Lange is director of it.

"Now, would you mind telling me how the idea of your choir originated?"

"Well, it struck me that it might be worth while getting a small choir together to show the general public what great music the early Dutch

composers wrote. So I mentioned the matter to some of my friends, and they burst out laughing. However, we carried out the plan. The choir consisted of nine voices only, but they were all soloists. In '81 we gave a series of concerts of the old Dutch masterpieces, and continued them with immense success, not, however, going out of Holland until 1885. In that year we visited London, singing at the Inventions Exhibition, and giving three concerts in the Albert Hall. There were then only nine voices, as I've said; but in '92 we made the choir up to its present number—twenty-two—and went to the Musical Exhibition in Vienna, where we gave three concerts. Following that we sang at the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, and, in short, in all the principal cities."

"Can you tell me what is the special magic by which you get such splendid results?"

"There is no 'special magic.' Each one of my choir is a first-rate solo singer. Roijmans is the finest tenor in Holland, and Messchaert (bass) and Mdle. Kempees are both famous singers. But there is one great secret of the ensemble we get: every one of the choir is a pupil of mine at the Amsterdam Conservatoire; I have trained them all from the beginning. Six months are spent in learning to sing scales accurately in tune. Then when we are studying a new motet or psalm or anthem, each part is rehearsed by itself; and not only that, but each singer is so rehearsed until the correct expression becomes an automatic matter."

After this we spoke of the old Dutch masters, and Mr. de Lange waxed enthusiastic indeed as he pointed out passage after passage of pure splendour. I remarked that in listening to the magnificent settings of some of the psalms by Sweelinck, I had felt more and more strongly that this was the music that would live; that in five centuries or so Sweelinck would be regarded as one of the greatest of the great ones.

"And Josquin de Pres, too," said Mr. de Lange fervently. "You have only heard a few scattered bits of his music; but hear some of the great masses—ah!" and words failed to express his admiration. "The new music is grand. Wagner, yes, very splendid, very beautiful. But it is outside; *this* is the music that came from inside!"

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## A Squeezed Orange.

**T**HIS happened in 1794. The musical critics of to-day are always generous, impartial, and never write librettos; and none of them would behave so shockingly as I shall describe.

Young Kivers played the violin—not well, but passably. He had a little money, and spent a part of it on lessons from masters in Berlin, Paris, and—America. Why he should study the fiddle in America is a curious question. But he himself denied that he went there to make a boom as a performer, and we must accept his statement or call him a liar. Which would be rude; and, besides, his version of the affair is supported by the fact that he never made a boom there, though, on the other hand, I could never learn who he studied with. This is part of the mystery of the affair.

Never mind. He came to London, bringing his little money, his fiddle, and an introductory letter to Professor Sitstream. Sitstream received him favourably. He was conductor of (let us say) the Orpheus Society, which existed to popularise the Greek singer's music. But none of it could be found—none, at any rate, ever appeared on its programmes—and the Society was beginning to fade. Sitstream's idea was to boom the new-come violinist as an astonishing virtuoso and lure the unwary public to the Orpheus Society's concerts to hear him. Sitstream was an influence. At least half a dozen critics would have kicked the Day and Martin's blacking off his boots had he desired it. That is, I think so; for he never went quite so far as to ask that. But at his behest they did things that were morally rather less clean.

He bade them assemble to hear Kivers, "a really great violinist," play. Kivers played. Now it is a fact that a few musical critics (of that date) did know good fiddling, and amongst the few were some of Sitstream's lackeys. And when Kivers played they looked—amazed? Certainly not; they looked impenetrable. For he played, as I said, passably, wherefore they knew that Sitstream had some little card up his sleeve. And they waited to hear what they had to make out of the ensuing game, for the secret of the Sitstream influence was that he never asked a musical critic to do anything for nothing. He knew it was no use. And though he never paid them out of his own purse, he always showed them where and how they could be paid. Wherefore they listened attentively and waited.

When the performance was over Sitstream said,—

"Magnificent! Much the finest reading of the Bach chaconne since —. Really magnificent!"

Now Sitstream was not given to over praise, or, indeed, to praising any one at all; and the critics took the hint, sharp, and crowded round poor Kivers and congratulated him until his blushes nearly burnt his ears off. Then they inquired who he was, where he came from, and how his father and mother were; and they hoped he would soon appear at a high-class concert. (I believe it has been remarked already that this happened in 1794.) Sitstream immediately threw in,—

"I have just engaged Mr. Kivers for the next Orpheus Society concert. Of course the thing has to be endorsed by the committee before it can be officially announced, and that will be in a few days' time."

More congratulations, until Kivers really imagined that the ball was at his feet, and he

had only to kick to win the goal. But the critics knew better.

When the "official announcement" was made Kivers was duly preparagaphed. Astonishing things, that he himself had never heard of, were written about him; and, generally speaking, the great stupid public was made to believe that no such genius had appeared since—well, since —. In this case Kivers should have known better, but he was an ass and didn't.

He played at the Orpheus concert. The applause was thin; but a few of Sitstream's friends kept it up long enough to enable the next morning's papers to state that "Herr" or "Monsieur" or "Signor" Kivers (the various forms were used according to the more or less vulgar tastes of the writers) had been enthusiastically recalled. Meanwhile Kivers wondered what he would make out of it. The critics had another advantage over him here. They knew what *they* were to make out of it.

First they trotted him round London. They didn't show him the Tower and the New Bridge; but they took him to each other's houses, and introduced him to a select few of their friends, and offered him seats at concerts and at the opera. They warned him against those rascally musical agents, who, they said, would be sure to swindle him if he fell into their clutches. They advised him not to be in a hurry to make money. It would be better, they repeatedly told him, to become known first, and especially in society; then he would get what terms he chose to ask. And, as I have said, they introduced him to society—the society, that is, of their friends. But they didn't pauperise him. That would be wrong. So when a cab-fare was to be paid Kivers paid it. For one lunch that he had at a critic's house he had ten at his own chambers or at restaurants; and he paid for both. In return he got concert and opera tickets, which he didn't want, and which cost the critics nothing. The critics used to call upon him in the morning and smoke his cigars. They were splendid cigars, they said. Kivers bought them at the nearest tobacconist's, and a heavy price he paid for them, and they were undoubtedly equal to the brand smoked by the cherubim in Paradise. But when he said he bought them the critics laughed. They knew better. He must have a rich relative in the West Indies or somewhere, who sent him these capital cigars. He was a sly dog, but they were too smart, and they knew he got his cigars for nothing. And as they were got for nothing, the critics consumed a fair number on the premises, and laughed as they put a few in their pockets before leaving. They couldn't resist. Such cigars were not to be bought.

And Kivers blushed, and supplied them with cigars, and paid for the lunches, and kept away from the agents, and thought it was all very splendid. Only, those paid engagements were a long time in coming, seeing that he was the greatest living violinist. Sometimes he threw out a hint of his doubts, and a day or two after one of his friends would show him a paragraph in one of the halfpenny evening papers: "Further facts have come to light about M. Kivers. It appears that he was born," etc., etc., and so on for twenty lines. Then, after detailing his successes abroad, the paragraph would conclude, "But it is M. Kivers' desire to win a place in the affections of the English people, and this he should have no difficulty in doing." And Kivers would blush again and think all was coming right.

But what sustained his courage more than anything was his immense success at Sitstream's musical evenings. Sitstream, it may have been gathered, was ingenious. He invited a lot of distinguished society people to come to hear

distinguished singers and players, and to talk to distinguished composers and conductors. Then he invited distinguished singers, players, composers, and conductors to come to sing, play, or talk to the distinguished society people. They all came and were satisfied, and went away glorifying Sitstream, saying how great was his culture and what beautiful eyes he had. And many singers, and players, and composers, and conductors who were not distinguished, and never would be, paid court to Sitstream that they might be invited to these musical evenings. They took lessons from him, and he fleeced them, and all but took the clothes off their backs, and would have taken the skin off their bodies if it had a cash value; and as the fleeced ones never appeared at a musical evening, Sitstream's circle knew nothing about them and continued to talk of his culture, his eyes, and his amiability. With the exception of the critics, who knew about everything, and spoke less about these things than of his fine business gift.

Kivers played at the musical evenings, and the folk came from afar to hear him. He was introduced to many distinguished people, but never left alone with them. Sitstream or one of the critics was always by his side, and the rest glared at him from corners of the room. And they warned him to be careful where he went, and to go nowhere without them. Many hopeful artists, they continued, and fallen early into the net of the society swindler and been ruined. Sitstream was docile, and obeyed.

Presently he had a great triumph. In consequence of his success at the first Orpheus concert the committee offered him an engagement for the second. They did so through Sitstream. And Sitstream spake and said,—

"My dear boy, the committee are willing to pay ten guineas"—and Kivers' eyes brightened at the first streak of gold—"but it seems to me your wisest policy will be to refuse so small a fee, and say you would prefer to play for nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well"—Kivers began.

"My dear boy, consider, and you will see the wisdom of this course. Ten guineas is a small fee, a ridiculously small fee, for an artist with your prospects. Accept it, and every one will say: 'This fellow can be got for nothing'; and you'll be ruined. Refuse it, and doubtless it will increase your importance, and probably the committee will offer you twenty, even fifty guineas, for the next concert—the next concert you play at, that is."

Kivers didn't like the look in Sitstream's eyes, but he couldn't help himself, and accepted his terms and refused the cash.

At the Orpheus Committee Sitstream said it was ridiculous to offer a man of Kivers' position a paltry ten guineas, and the best plan was to give him (Sitstream) the cheque, and he would settle the thing in a friendly way.

"Merely as a matter of business," he said. "Mr. Kivers couldn't accept less than fifty guineas, but I think I can get round him."

Some of the critics, who were on the committee, pressed for the thing being done through Sitstream; and the committee were very glad to get Kivers so cheap, and thanked Sitstream for doing it. And Sitstream got the cheque and, he positively glowed with righteousness as he put it in his pocket-book. For by keeping that cheque for his own purposes was he not saving the Orpheus Society forty guineas?

But the public knew none of these things, and crowded to hear the greatest living violinist, and didn't think much of him, but applauded because they knew they ought to. So the Orpheus Society flourished, and Sitstream flourished, and Kivers got nothing. But after the concert the critics looked hard at Sitstream, and he laughed



and said they would get their turn presently. He was an amiable man, and his eyes were beautiful.

A great discovery was made. Kivers was even greater as a composer than as a fiddler. He had hidden his gift very cleverly, but that little delicious *Andante* for violin and tambourine exposed him. He must really write songs. And he did write songs, to the critics' words; and the marvel is that the publishers bought them; but of course the critics got half, because their words were worth it, not because of their favourable reviews. They were upright men, and could never take a penny to boom a song. But poetry-making is hard work, and should be well paid, of course.

All might have gone well with Kivers in the year 1794—not 1894, mind—had he not determined to write an opera. That was foolish: first, because Sitstream wrote operas and couldn't tolerate a rival; second, because—well, I will show why, second.

Mr. James didn't write librettos; but Mr. Timson and Mr. Churchyard did. Some of the others did or did not; but we can leave them out: these three were the most powerful of the ring. James was of opinion that Rivers should stick to songs. James wrote words for songs, and his brother-in-law sang them, on the royalty-sharing system. Timson and Churchyard thought Rivers should write an opera. The question was, who should make the libretto? They met—they were always meeting—and Timson said if Churchyard wrote the libretto he must have half.

"No," said James: "if you think you're going to run the game between you, you're mistaken. Unless, I get something I'll blow the gaff."

Critics never talk like that unless they are very angry. As a rule negotiations are conducted in hints. Timson and Churchyard saw that James must be conciliated. Finally, it was agreed that each should have a third. The two "poets" tossed up; Timson won, and had the labour of writing the libretto.

After they separated Churchyard reflected. He saw that Timson and Kivers would be thrown much together, and he knew that would be a bad thing for him. He saw also that the game must be almost up, and that this opera was the last round. He didn't think much of Kivers as a composer, or, for that matter, as a fiddler either, and he suspected that James wouldn't, not even for his third, boom the opera. In a word, he came to the conclusion that he must nobble Kivers and get all he could for himself. Straightway he went to Kivers' abode.

He found Timson and James there, to his great disgust; but they were delighted to see him, and he them. None of them had any engagements, and they stayed until Kivers had to go out to make a call on Sitstream. Then they went away together, so fast was their friendship, and neither could bear the other out of his sight.

As Kivers came home at midnight he met Churchyard just at his door, accidentally. He asked the critic in, but curiously, just as they were entering Timson drove up in a hansom. He had just conceived a brilliant idea for the opera, and had at once hurried to discuss it with Kivers, of course. While they were laughing at this strange meeting some one came crawling in the shadow on the other side of the street. As he came into the lamplight they saw it was James, and that he was anxiously staring up at Kivers' windows. He was staggered to find that the laughter came from Kivers and his dear friends, but presently recovered his presence of mind; so laughing merrily, all went upstairs.

Three of the four knew the tussle had arrived. Presently Churchyard said,—

"Kivers, I'm going over to Paris to-morrow. Could I see you privately before I go—say at twelve?"

Of course Kivers agreed. James and Timson promised to call round in the afternoon. The three went away, and though none would speak they wouldn't part so early. It was absurd to think of going to bed so early; why, even Kivers wouldn't be in bed yet. (That was just it.)

They went to Churchyard's house, and drank till late, or rather early. But Timson and James didn't notice that he drank only water, and they staggered to their respective homes at about four in the morning, gloriously drunk.

But Churchyard made himself some strong coffee, then had a bath, and afterwards calmly read until eight. Then he breakfasted and went round to Kivers, who wasn't up. But he went to the bedroom, and after some appropriate little jokes, said,—

"I'm going away earlier than I intended; I wanted to see you privately, because the truth is a swindle is going to be put on you. Timson and James have arranged that the former shall write your libretto, and the two will halve the proceeds. Now any one can tell at a glance that that little ass Timson cannot write a libretto, and you'll only make a ghastly failure if you try to set his stuff to music."

Kivers was astounded.

"What do you advise me to do?" he asked.

"Well, anyhow, put Timson gently off; and afterwards get a librettist who has nothing to do with such wretched games. Say you've given up the idea of an opera, and don't let the cat out of the bag until it's accepted and in rehearsal."

Kivers ruminated and presently said,—

"My dear friend, will you write me a libretto?"

"I! you astonish me. I never thought of such a thing. But—well—if you wish it and will keep all dark, I will write you a libretto. Yes, I will, and we'll teach these despicable mercenary critics a lesson for life!"

"Thanks," said Kivers fervently.

Presently Churchyard left; and certain things were becoming clear to Kivers when there was a knock and Timson was shown in. His first remark was,—

"Has Churchyard or James been here? I saw a cab driving off as I came up."

"My doctor has been here," Kivers answered, "and he says I'm completely knocked to pieces, must take six months' rest, and so on."

Kivers had progressed during the past ten minutes. He wasn't nearly perfect in the art of lying yet, but was hopeful.

"What of the opera?"

"To be given up entirely," said Kivers firmly.

Timson gave a sigh of relief. Presently he said,—

"I'm glad of it; I came to warn you that a swindle was to be put upon you, but we needn't go into that now."

"I'm going to do some more songs, and if I felt rather more lively would like to talk over with you an idea for a cycle. But I'm seedy, so perhaps you won't mind coming to-morrow."

Of course Timson wouldn't; and he hadn't been ten minutes away before there was another knock, and James came in.

"Has Timson or Churchyard been here?" he asked suspiciously. "I saw a cab going off as I came up."

The previous conversation was repeated, even to the mention of the song-cycle. For Kivers was developing fast. Presently he said,—

"Has a—what d'you call it?—a 'swindle' ever been 'put upon me' before?"

James reflected rapidly. And it was borne in upon him that the moment had now arrived to take Kivers to his heart and hold him for ever, and he said,—

"Yes, my dear fellow. Churchyard and Timson made a bit on your last Orpheus concert engagement. They shared with Sitstream."

"With Sitstream!"

"This conversation is absolutely confidential. Yes, with Sitstream. Now, don't be an ass and say anything about this, but in future act only with me. Take my advice, and if—well, if you find you gain by it, you won't mind a little remuneration for my trouble."

"Certainly not," said Kivers absently.

"You'll find it pay you to hold tight to me, and keep clear of those despicable mercenary critics. And we'll teach them a lesson for life."

Kivers thanked his dear friend warmly. He was getting on. And the dear friend departed, and Kivers summed up the situation. He saw he had been fooled by all three, and by Sitstream. But he remembered all the glowing notices, and thought he must now be regarded by the great public as a fixed star in the musical firmament. Therefore it was only a question of going on his own account and asking his terms. And if he had cut his teeth rather expensively he didn't care, so long as he came in for a good thing at the end.

A cab drove up, and Sitstream ran upstairs. Never had he looked more benevolent. He came to bid Kivers to a musical evening and to arrange the music. Kivers was stand-off—thought he had engagement, and so forth. Sitstream was not to be trifled with.

"My dear boy, what the deuce are you thinking of? It's a most important affair, and you must come. What's the matter?"

"It's usual to be paid for society engagements, isn't it?"

If Kivers thought he was a match for Sitstream, he was mistaken. The latter said simply,—

"After the way you've been pushed, after the expense I've been at, giving evening after evening simply to help you along, getting you engagements at the Orpheus concerts, well—"

and he did the speechless. "Listen, Mr. Sitstream. I have earned, largely, I grant, through your kind assistance, a certain position as a violinist; but I've hardly earned a penny by my playing, and I don't see why I should be the *only* one who gets nothing out of it."

There was a pause before Sitstream said,—

"I'm sorry for you, young man. You seem to be going mad!"

"No, I'm not going mad. Churchyard has been here."

"And, pray, what did Mr. Churchyard say to put you into your present condition?"

"He told me Timson and James were going to 'put a swindle on me.'"

"Indeed!"

"Timson also has been here."

"And Mr. Timson—"

"Told me Churchyard and James were going to 'put a swindle on me.'"

"Exactly. And Mr. James?"

"He has been here too—"

"And—"

"And told me Churchyard and Timson were going to 'put a swindle on me.'"

"Anything further?"

"Yes; he said a swindle had been put upon me already. I have already been swindled, Mr. Sitstream. I played at a certain concert—"

"Without my knowledge?" said Sitstream indignantly.



"With your knowledge. And I got not one cent for it. The fee was divided between Churchyard, Timson, and, I believe, James, too. And a fourth party got his share."

"Who was the fourth party, then?"

"Yourself, Mr. Sitstream."

There was another dead silence of some minutes. Then Sitstream took his hat, saying,—

"So a 'swindle has been put on you.' God help you, young man; you're clean mad. Good morning."

And he departed, not in the least uneasy, but wroth with the critics. He knew his unblemished character could not be damaged by any attacks on Kivers' side. Besides, Kivers obviously didn't know the facts. The cheque was not crossed, and being payable to bearer, he had sent his man for the money. And his man was trustworthy. But he could not forgive his critic friends, and especially James. He called on one after another of them: first Churchyard, who had not gone, and never intended to go, to Paris; and last on James, with whom he stayed some time. Then he drove home, and thought no more of the matter.

Kivers saw none of his friends for some days. They didn't write; they didn't send him tickets for opera or concerts; they didn't even call to smoke his excellent cigars. Then he called on Timson, who was not at home; and on Churchyard, who was out; and on James, who was too busy to see him—could he call some day next week?

He went to a concert that afternoon, and paid for his seat. And he saw Churchyard, and hastened towards him. And, lo! when Churchyard saw him, he saw him not—he hadn't his spectacles on—but straightway fled to another part of the hall. So endeth the history of Kivers.

This happened in 1794, not in 1894, as I have already remarked. It was long before Sitstream forgave the trio who had spoilt the game; but at length, requiring them to sample his blacking and for other purposes, he passed over the matter, and they never peached on each other or on him again. But it is curious that after they had found each other out their mutual regard was unaltered. That is, they thought the same of each other—exactly the same—as they did before.

Somebody asks, What became of Kivers? My dear sir, consider what a ridiculous question it is. Who knows what becomes of the squeezed oranges of this world?

## Music-Pictures at Burlington House.

SITTING in the corridor outside Burlington House the other day; waiting for a friend's carriage which was to call for me, after some hours spent in the Royal Academy, I amused myself by watching the arrivals—country cousins fatiguing themselves by *doing* several sights in one day, and appointing Burlington House as a *rendezvous*; artists sitting in and out: cabs with the Union ticket; the carriages of the reposeful Upper Ten setting down or taking up their owners, and pigeons fluttering over all. A gentleman sitting on the same bench was joined by a friend, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"Well, and what do you think of the Academy this year?"

"Oh, as usual; a few pictures to covet, several to enjoy, some to laugh at, a few to dis-

like actively, and the residue to wonder at, as having found acceptance from those who certainly ought to know what's what!"

"No musical pictures this year, I think?"

"Well, hardly any worth mentioning; but I marked a few, for curiosity's sake. There's 576, by Schmalz, where a sleepy-looking, dark fellow is supposed to be 'awakening love' in a languid fair one, who leans over a balcony. The scent of the magnolias has as much to do with it, I fancy, as the twangling of his mandolin."

"I saw it, and considered it rather a falling off from this artist's other works. Mandolins, as usual, appear to be the only instrument most painters recognise. There was one in Poynter's 'Horæ Serenæ,' which I suppose to be a bit of old-world enjoyment. I was surprised to see it there, in company with some pipes, and a wondering infant; a peacock opposite has performed a feat of climbing or flight to the top of a trellised porch, to look and listen."

"The ladies like the thing, of course. It displays pretty hands delightfully, and gives them a good excuse for admiring their rings. I marked three or four young ladies who had been depicted while thus melodiously employed."

"Melodiously, do you say? I never heard one that roused in me the least emotion, save dislike, or contempt!"

"H'm," that's severe; but the piano and the organ are rather *de trop* in a painting. A piano, indeed, appears in Frith's very realistic and commonplace picture of 'Five o'clock Tea' (209), and a young lady is evidently about to perform upon it; and there is an organ also in the exhibition, but it is in 'Heaven's Chancel,' and from the choir the angels are trooping out, and descending to the shepherds, on the first 'Christmas Dawn': a study in blue and silver, No. 385 in the catalogue."

"Yes, I noticed it—very fanciful. There was one musical picture which I really liked, by Burgess. 'Rehearsing the Miserere'; did you see it?"

"Ah! No. 227; very good indeed. Those boys know how to open their mouths, and are quite in sad earnest about it; the little bare-footed soloist, sombrely regarding the choir boys. The men's faces are melancholy too; the leader, with his violin, watching the rapt expression on the face of the priest as he fingers his crucifix. There was another mandolin, by-the-by, in No. 797; a very spacious, yet somehow depressing picture of Fiametta, a rather gigantic dame, in much flowing raiment, who plays and warbles before an enthroned personage in white, and seven others in various attitudes of listening rapture!"

"Well, we certainly cannot say much for our musical pictures this year. Almost all the best things are just transcriptions of nature; very lovely, and all but perfect some of them, but we want more than that, and used to have more, not so many years back."

"I agree with you there. Did you look at the sculpture? There is a relief in the Lecture-room, 1772, 'The Ride of the Valkyries.' The Amazons are riding their prancing steeds—rather a complicated performance, by-the-way, with large wings to do the real work; they are ascending spirally, and one of them is hauling upon the dead body of a hero slain in battle."

"Ah! I did not go into that room; the portraits and nude figures had rather wearied me. I see *Punch* has noted the full length portraits of Prof. Blackie and Mr. Mundella, on either side of Herkomer's 'Maiden,' reproachfully turning their backs on her. 'A highly moral group,' says *Punch*. Mundella has a sly glance—but Blackie turns stoutly away, grasping his shillelagh; and quite right too, say I: what is one to do with one's wife and daughters? They

have the sculpture all together—Why not have a room for the pictures that disdain drapery?"

But here I saw my friend's carriage drive into the yard, so heard no more comments.

## Belle Cole Concert at Adelaide, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

April 23.

TWO of these concerts have been given at the Town Hall with great success. Madame Belle Cole has achieved a triumph in Adelaide; no such contralto has been heard here since the late lamented Madame Patey's visit. The range of her voice is extraordinary, and her interpretation of the songs chosen proves her a true artist. At the first concert she gave the following songs:—"Sognai" (*Schira*), "Genevieve" (*Adams*), "The Fishers' Song" (*Pease*), "The Old Folks at Home," "The Flight of Ages," "Daddy." On the second occasion, April 21, Madame Belle Cole sang "The Promise of Life," written for her by Cowen; "Love's Old Sweet Song"; "The Lost Chord," in which she was ably supported by Miss Murkens (violin), Mr. C. J. Stevens (organ), and Mr. A. W. Mortimer (piano). This performance elicited unbounded applause, in which all four artistes had a share—indeed Mr. Stevens's taste and ability as accompanist was a marked feature in both concerts. Madame Cole also sang "Douglas Gordon," and joined in Leslie's beautiful trio, "O Memory." The other singers were Miss Emily Spada, Mr. Philip Newbury, and Mr. Magrath, all of whom gained the well deserved tribute to their merit. Such songs as Meyerbeer's "Roberto, o tu che adoro"; Gounod's "Ave Maria," on Bach's Prelude; Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair"; and Beethoven's "Hush, my little one," could not fail to secure interest, and they were beautifully rendered by the soprano. Mr. Newbury's greatest successes were in Handel's air, "Where'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade," "The Bay of Biscay," and Adams's "Holy City." Mr. Magrath gave "The Monk," Meyerbeer's "True till Death," etc. Another special feature in the concert was Miss Henrietta Murkens' violin playing, which was much appreciated. Again, Mr. Stevens distinguished himself in the pianoforte part of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* sonata. To this gentleman and Mr. Howell the thanks of Adelaide are due for the enterprise which has been productive of so much pleasure, and, it is to be hoped, financial success.—(*From a letter.*)

MY excellent American contemporary, *Music*, has now run through five complete volumes, having been begun in November, 1891. It has recently moved to offices of its own in the Chicago Auditorium; and the Editor, Mr. Mr. W. S. B. Matthews, in his June number, tells the tale of his upward progress, gives us a glimpse of his sanctum, and even puts himself in the chair. Our musical editors on this side are happily too modest for that kind of thing. Mr. Matthews says that 3,000 copies is now his monthly low water mark. For a long time he was editor, bookkeeper, advertising agent, publisher, mailing clerk, and all the rest. He has not reached the top of the ladder yet, but he is high enough (200 feet) above the street to "hear himself think" and no doubt he is satisfied.



## The Academies.

### LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

RECENT number of the *Violin Times* gave a portrait and biographical account of Mr. A. Pollitzer, one of the directors of the L.A.M., and probably the best violin teacher in London.

Mr. Mervyn Dene, a "rising young musician," who has received his entire musical education here, has lately been appointed organist and choir-master of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, Mr. Readhead having resigned on account of ill-health.

On June 4th an afternoon concert was given by the students. I attended, hoping to be bored to death, and was agreeably disappointed to find the proceedings of much greater interest than the average student concert. I missed the rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A by Miss Nora and Miss Mary Rogers, and cannot express any great delight in Mr. Moscarella's singing of songs by Tosti and Denza—his tone was too nasal, and style too crude to be pleasing. But Miss Daisy Hawes' playing of a romance by Ries was pleasant, though the young lady was obviously nervous. Miss Rose Maude sang Grieg's setting of Solveig's song charmingly. Miss Theodora Davis's rendering of the first movement of Grieg's pianoforte Sonata in E minor was good, and would have been better if she had used the sustaining pedal a little more freely. The most interesting item on the long programme, however, was Miss Kate Bruckshaw's playing of Chopin's G major Nocturne and study in A flat. I don't mean that Miss Bruckshaw can play Chopin perfectly, yet. Something more than technique and feeling, a special experience, is required before one can play Chopin. If you ask me to name the necessary training, I would say, "Be disappointed in love not less than seventeen times, suffer dyspepsia for six months, have a narrow escape from drowning, lose £30,000 in the Liberator, and be generally convinced of the hollowness of life; and then commence with the easier nocturnes and preludes." Miss Bruckshaw has not done these things yet, and consequently she lacks something; but, nevertheless, her playing is fine, promising, and full of grip; and I venture to prophesy that she will do the Academy credit. For the rest, Miss Elsie Goddard sang prettily, and other students I have not space to name did very well, and the concert wound up with a performance of Smart's "Cradle Song," sung by Misses Goddard and Rose, and Messrs. D'Arcy Clayton, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Mervyn Dene.

An account of the L.A.M. summer concert will be found elsewhere.

### R.A.M.

We were compelled to hold over this page last month, or should have reported then that the R.A.M. had recently broken out into violent rejoicings over the 70th anniversary of its birthday. The concert announced for May 10 was deferred until May 17.

Dr. Mackenzie conducted. On such an occasion criticism would hardly be in place. We went to the Queen's Hall to shake hands with the R.A.M., and wish it many returns of the day—not to examine the wrinkles on its brow, to see if its teeth are sound, or its hair the genuine article. But, at any rate, it may be said that the selection from the late Macfarren's symphony was enough to make one quite satisfied with things as they are now, and to destroy any lingering wish to get back to the "good old times." The nautical overture was one of Dr. Mackenzie's practical jokes (? was the dedication the same). It seems to contain every sea song that ever was written, and they all surge about and frolic round one another, until one really begins to feel very much at sea. Some of the tone-painting was so realistic as to give me qualms similar to those I experienced in the middle of the—but no! this is not a place for confessions. Suffice it to say that everything went happily, and we lived happily ever after.

As if a concert with a special nautical overture were not sufficient to celebrate the occasion, the R.A.M. must needs give four performances of

*Pagliaci* and Gounod's *Philemon et Baucis*, on the evenings of May 9, 10, 11, and 12. On the last evening I attended, and was delighted, not only with the acting, which was good, and the singing, which was better, but with the enthusiasm displayed by all the young people. My representative, who attended on May 10, speaks in similar terms of the performance of that evening. On the Saturday the honours were certainly carried off by Mr. Philip Drozel. The one mistake seems to be that of putting students at the pianofortes, on which the accompaniments were played. If there is one thing young operatic artists need more than anything else, it is absolute certainty in the orchestra or its substitute. Mr. Betjemann conducted carefully and vigorously.

After the concert reported above, a "handsome Georgian silver-gilt loving cup," and an illuminated album, were presented to Dr. Mackenzie, who was (of course) greatly surprised.

### ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The Royal College also broke out into rejoicing. Its new building was opened by the Prince of Wales, on Wednesday, May 2nd. The music performed on the occasion included an ode written by Mr. Swinburne, "Was it light that spoke from the darkness," and set by Mr. C. Wood; Gluck's March from *Alceste*; the overture to *The Meistersingers*; and a Schubert pianoforte march, scored by Mr. Manns. The rest of the function concerns the society papers rather than us.

### TRINITY COLLEGE, LIMITED.

A representative of the *Magazine of Music* applied for a copy of the last report, with statement of accounts,—which it was stated at the Registration meeting, could be had by any one who asked. Our representative, however, was courteously refused. We beg to call the attention of the secretary to the matter.

Mr. Walter Macfarren is at present giving a course of lectures in the building occupied by this concern.

### ACADEMICAL NOTES.

The Guild of Violinists and Institute of Stringed Instrument Players has been formed to provide for the training and examining of students of the violin and other stringed instruments, under the control and management of leading professors, with Mr. J. T. Carrodus as Warden. Arrangements are being made for holding examinations at mid-summer. Full particulars are to be had on application to the Secretaries, 14 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

The College of Violinists will give their first violin recital early in July at St. James's Hall. We hear that Mons. Charles Dancla has just been appointed a Patron of the College, and that Mr. Johannes Wolff will assist at the London examinations in June.

The Hon. Secretary of the College of Violinists writes:—"As a circular is being distributed which is likely to give a wrong impression concerning the connection of Mr. Carrodus with this Institution, I have been instructed by my Board to state that Mr. J. T. Carrodus has accepted the position of examiner at the June examinations. Signor Guido Papini has been elected to the office of President for the ensuing year.

I have been asked whether the Graduates' Union is one of the shady institutions. I really know very little about it, and know no one who does.

Grieg has been made a Cambridge Mus. Doc. The amount of the fees is not mentioned.

The congregation of Oxford University has rejected a resolution offered to establish the new Degrees of Master of Science and Master of Letters. The recent action of Cambridge in instituting the new Degree of Master in Music is not likely to be imitated.

EXAMINATIONS FOR DEGREES IN MUSIC.—The following have satisfied the Oxford Examiners:—First Examination for the Degree of Bachelor in Music: Richard O. Beachcroft, Worcester; William D. Capel, Keble; Walter H. G. Custard, Queen's; Frederic M. Darby, Queen's; George Farrant, Queen's; Walter Harrison, New; Ernest W. Holm-

yard, New; Henry N. Horton, Queen's; Frederick E. Leatham, Queen's; Edward G. Mercer, Magdalen; Montagu J. Osborn, B.A., Keble; Henry B. Shaw, Queen's; John F. Shaw, Queen's; Walter H. Stables, non-collegiate. Women: Caroline Moseley. Second Examination for the Degree of Bachelor in Music: Robert T. White, Queen's.

At a congregation held June 7th the Degree of Bachelor of Music was conferred on Arnold Duncan Cully, Emmanuel College, and Matthew Kingston, non-collegiate.

## Correspondence.

### To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—I think the author of "Modern Harmony" has mistaken the point of my last letter. I do not for one moment suppose that the study of harmony will sharpen the æsthetic sense. But music is many-sided, and in the composition of an Eroica or a Rhenish symphony the intellectual faculties are called into play as much as the emotional, and that which intellect has produced requires intellect for its thorough appreciation; and the study of harmony rightly followed is the training of the intellect to appreciate that part of a musical composition that intellect has produced.

At the same time, I heartily agree with much that "Modern Harmony" says. That the present system of harmony teaching and harmony examinations at the best schools needs complete revision, I should think many will be prepared to admit. The study of harmony should have for its aim and end the cultivation of those two musicianly faculties "seeing what one hears and hearing what one sees." That this is seldom the case is not the fault of harmony, but of the method by which it is taught. As soon as a pupil knows the difference on paper between a major and a minor chord, teach him to hear it on the piano. As soon as he knows the difference between a first and a second inversion, do not be content till he can hear it as well as see it. In this way the dry bones of theory, which are valueless in themselves, will become instinct with practical life.

That the study of harmony and counterpoint driven to extremes produces the musical pedant is a fact few will deny. But to produce this as a reason for not studying them at all is surely fanaticism.

One point more. That "strict counterpoint" in its various wonderful species is any help either to the composer or non-composer is a question that musicians will do well to consider. The opinion of many is that it is worse than useless. Nay, that is one great cause why so many of our English composers are so stiff and pedantic.

Faithfully yours,

R. J. ROWE.

[Mr. Rowe appears to have come round to our author's way of thinking!—ED.]

### To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—In connection with the article on Handel's operas, by Mr. J. F. Runciman, which appeared in our columns last February, the following extract from a long notice in Cramer's *Magazin der Musik* of 1786 of Prof. Eschenburg's translation of Dr. Burney's description of events concerning Handel and the commemoration festival of 1784 may prove of interest to our readers. The writer of that article quotes a sentence of Eschenburg's to this effect:—"Concerning Handel's operas, we really ought not to desire the performance of a whole one, for in the matter of operatic taste we have too much changed or become spoilt." And he goes on to say that "he does not believe that any opera of Handel's will ever be performed in Germany, neither does he desire it, but not because our taste has changed or become spoilt, but because those operas stand far below that ideal of opera music which in the North the philosophical eye of a Gerstenberg discovered, almost at the same time in which it was realized by the reformer Gluck in the South. In Germany, where Gluck rules the stage, Handel cannot exist. Again, where in Germany music is given at the theatre of such a kind that, after a tedious recitative, an



aria is sung, under which the composer, merely for the sake of delivery, has placed words the meaning of which the hearer, as there is no necessity, does not grasp, then it is a matter of indifference whether Handel or any other composer has made the music which goes by the name of opera. It cannot be said that there is any ruling taste in Germany. Formerly Italy exerted influence over the opera, but in some places that influence has more or less been banished; taste has *changed*, a thing greatly to be desired, but *spoilt*? Herr Eschenburg says further in the matter of Handel's operas that detached arias from them can be given on concert platforms; and that that is the proper place where they should be performed, if they are ever to become popular."

A letter in the same Cramer's *Magazin*, written from Copenhagen, April 27, 1786, concerning a performance of Handel's *Messiah*, refers to the composer's oratorio in a somewhat similar spirit. The writer ranks the *Messiah* amongst Handel's best works, but adds: "Nevertheless, there are many things to be found in it insufferable to an art critic of good taste at the present day (i.e. 1786!), among which I include the too great preference shown to fugue, which almost robs the art of its dramatic power and of expression. Many of the composer's thoughts, having frequently been stolen by moderns, have become powerless. Handel's cadences always resemble the one so common in ancient music. Again, when not required by the expression, the choruses and solos frequently conclude with the at one time so beloved short *adagio* movement. The instruments are too little employed, and even Handel was too much hemmed in by the leading strings of tradition."

Yours truly,

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### RUBINSTEIN'S VARIATIONS.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—If the last word has not been said on the above subject, will you allow me space to reply to Mr. Morley's letter. First, I would draw your attention to the "sweet unreasonableness" of the whole thing. The B.P. is always crying for novelties or if it isn't, its wet-nurse, the Musical Press, is, and protesting against the deadly monotony of recital programmes, and yet see what happens when one *does* go out of the beaten track! Now, some seven weeks since, Rubinstein announced a piano recital here. As a favour I obtained, a week or more beforehand, a transcript of the programme from a personal friend of his, and made a point of making myself thoroughly familiar with the compositions to be played. Amongst them was the Variations. My first impression of them was much that of the society "Miss," who, on seeing one of the pyramids for the first time, exclaimed, "Oh, what an ugly old brick thing!" On becoming better acquainted with them, however, I began to perceive the colossal sweep and breadth of the whole work, and to see that it was useless looking for the delicate shifting moods and somewhat exotic (might I say chromatic) poetry of the generality of modern piano music. Afterwards, on hearing Rubinstein play them, I thoroughly enjoyed them. Whole pages went by as if they made one phrase, and with a sweep and breadth that was truly exhilarating. I, like Mr. Morley, am quite familiar with the great composers, also Liszt's original works, and the best part of the Russian and Scandinavian schools. Goring-Thomas I know but little of; but Mascagni!—well, at Mascagni I draw the line. I do not love him. I loathe him. So then, to speak it plainly (I tremble when I think of Mr. Morley's powers of *expression*), I like and enjoy the Rubinstein Variations, and find much to admire in them, and I do not think any musician can give an authoritative verdict on the value of a long and elaborate composition after the first hearing, even if he be familiar with all the preceding works of the same composer.

If Mr. Morley doubts it, I would refer him to Schumann's remarks on the subject, or St. Saën's on Schumann's Quintett, and on his first and subsequent bearings of that work.

Yours faithfully,

LEIPZIG.

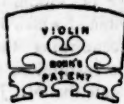
HENRY OSBORN.

## Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

- 8,985. William Reynolds, 18, Eastlake Road, Coldharbour Lane, London. An improved music leaf-turner. May 7th, 1894.
- 9,068. Ebenezer Richardson, Bank Buildings, George Street, Sheffield. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music. May 8th, 1894.
- 9,083. George Eadon, 34, Gorse Lane, Swansea. An independent self-blowing pedal attachment for American organs and harmoniums. May 8th, 1894.
- 9,108. John Vaché Pilcher, 40, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in automatic couplers for pneumatic organs. May 8th, 1894.
- 9,382. August Ainthor, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Improvements in time-sheets for automatic musical instruments. May 11th, 1894.
- 9,446. Friedrich Adolf Richter, 77, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in perforated cards for mechanical musical instruments. May 12th, 1894.
- 9,539. Ernest Paillard, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in mechanical musical instruments. May 15th, 1894.
- 9,618. William Speirs Simpson, 166, Fleet Street, London. Improvements in connection with pianofortes. May 16th, 1894.
- 9,963. John Marmaduke Reed, 55, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in the construction of the belly portions of pianofortes. May 17th, 1894.
- 10,009. Samuel Swan, 55, Market Street, Manchester. A new or improved device for keeping open music and other books. May 23rd, 1894.
- 10,103. Herbert John Haddon, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London. Improvements in stringed instrument attachments.
- 10,740. Paul Mark Gyselman, 10, Miranda Road, Upper Holloway, London. A pedal musical lever. June 2nd, 1894.
- SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.
- 12,627. Mugnier. Musical instruments, 1893. 10d.
- 10,558. Joyce. Turning leaves of music, 1893. 10d.
- 1,484. Gizney. Piano, 1894. 10d.
- 3,670. Guild. Upright Piano actions, 1894. 10d.

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## Welsh Memo and Musings.

BY IDRIS MAENGWYN.

EISTEDDFOD AT PORTH.

ONE of the most recent noteworthy events in South Wales was the Great Porth Eisteddfod in Whit-week, when about 6,000 people were gathered together to the musical treat in store for them at each meeting.

The Eisteddfod was held for two days.

MUSICAL ADJUDICATORS:—

Mr. J. H. Roberts (Pencerdd Gwynedd), Mus. Bac. A.R.A.M.; Mr. F. A. Atkins, Mus. Bac.; Mr. M. O. Jones, Mr. W. Scott, and Mr. J. O. Shepherd, Liverpool.

Juvenile Choral Competition: Test piece, Dr. Parry's "Sleighb Glee." Prize, £10. Three choirs competed, viz., Dowlais, Hopkinstown, and Clydach Vale. Best—Hopkinstown Choir, conducted by Mr. P. W. Thomas.

Second Choral Competition: Test piece, J. A. Lloyd's "Blodynyn Olaf." Prize, £20 and a silver-mounted baton. Five choirs competed, viz., Efail Isaf, Maesteg Minstrels, Mid-Rhondda Harmonic Society, Treorky Minstrels, and the Ynysir Choir. Mr. J. H. Roberts delivered an adjudication, but the final announcement was made by Mr. M. O. Jones, who said that the singing was not up to what he expected, and he was forced to say that their chief failing was their inability to sing glees so well as heavy choruses. It is evident that Welsh choirs will have to give more attention to glees than to heavy choruses. Best—Efail Isaf Choir, conducted by Mr. Jno. Lewis.

Male Voice Choral Competition: Test piece, Dr. Joseph Parry's "Pilgrim's Chorus," including also the best rendering of the baritone solo which it contains. Prize, £30. Five choirs competed, viz., Cwmaman Choir, Ogmore Valley Choir, Porth and Cymmer Glee Society, Clydach Vale Choir, and Treorky Choir. This was one of the finest competitions ever heard in South Wales. Adjudication was given by Mr. J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac. Two or three of the choirs had done remarkably well. Mr. Roberts delivered a minute adjudication, giving the merits and faults of the various choirs. Best, Treorky Choir, conducted by Mr. Wm. Thomas.

Chief Choral Competition: Test piece, Mendelssohn's "All men all things." Prize, 100 guineas and a gold medal. Two choirs competed, viz., Blaneycwm United Choir (160 voices), conducted by Mr. Evan Watkins; and the Merthyr Choral Society (171 voices), conducted by Mr. Dan Davies, the late leader of the Dowlais Choir. Adjudication was delivered by Mr. Roberts.

First choir (Blaneycwm).—Opening was good, the precision was marked, the parts were well balanced, but the time was rather slow. There was a tendency to force. In the quartette the soprano stood a little too prominent in her singing from the others by reason of her *tremolo* style of singing, which is detrimental to a good ensemble. Tenor and bass were very good. The latter part of the chorus was sung very majestically and fine, tenors forcing rather on the highest notes. The choir sang very effectively indeed at the conclusion.

Second choir (Merthyr).—Very grand commencement, admirable balance, precision and blending. All voices very successful in different fugues. The quartette by far superior to the former choir. The latter portion of chorus was full of enthusiasm, and worked up excellently, having a magnificent close. The gradation of tone being so fine, the excellent phrasing, and the splendid finish, placed the second choir, viz. Merthyr, beyond doubt the first.

Soprano Solo Competition: Test piece, Bishop's "Tell me, my heart." Fifteen competitors. Prize, two guineas. Best, Miss Maggie Morris, Tonyrefail.

Contralto Solo Competition: Test piece, Sullivan's "The Chorister." Prize, two guineas. Twenty competitors. Best, Miss Annie Williams, Cardiff, a member of the Welsh Ladies' Choir.

Tenor Solo Competition: Test piece, Piniuti's "Last Watch." Thirteen competitors. Prize, two guineas. Best, Mr. David Howells (Gwynalaw), Ferndale.

Baritone Solo Competition: Test piece, Louis Kuigmill's "Still Remember Me." Eleven competitors. Prize, two guineas. Best, Mr. Iver Foster, Penygraig.

Bass Solo Competition: Test piece, R. S. Hughes's "Incense Bell." Seventeen competitors. Prize, two guineas. Best, Mr. John Lewis, Pontypridd.

Pianoforte Solo Competition (under fourteen years of age): Test piece, Clementi's "Sonata No. 2, Op. 34."



Prize, 10s. Thirty-two competitors. Best, Miss Maria Williams, Maesteg.

Vocal Quartette Competition: Test piece, Pinsuti's "In this Hour of Softest Splendour." Prize, £4 4s. Five parties competed. Best, Mr. James Jones and Party from Treorky.

Vocal Duet Competition: Test piece, Cook's "Love and War." Nine competitors. Prize, two guineas. Mr. Atkins said that the competition was not so good as in the other items. The Venus (Tenor) in every case being rather heavy (masculine), whilst Mars (baritone) was too effeminate (not heavy enough). Best, Mr. Owen Treharne, Treorky, and Mr. John Deronald, Aberdare.

Violin Solo Competition: Test piece, Selection from Farmer's *Caliph of Bagdad*. Prize, one guinea. Seven competitors. Best, Fred Ford, of Pontypool.

In giving his award, Mr. F. A. Atkins, Mus. Bac., said:—

"It is only of late years that instrumental music has received any attention in Wales. A prize for a violin solo is a step in the right direction. Now if, in the future, prizes are awarded to both violoncello and contrabasso, as the viola is played by a violinist who reads the alto clef, this will encourage the complete mass of strings. The reeds will soon follow; the brass has already been provided for."

String Quartette Competition: Test piece, one of Haydn's compositions. Four parties competed. Prize, four guineas. Winners were—1st violin, Mr. H. C. Millon; and violin, Mr. A. O. Forrest; viola, Mr. F. Southwood; violoncello, Mr. F. Dash, all of Pontypool.

Euphonium Solo Competition: Test piece, either Gounod's "There is a Green Hill Far Away," or J. Hartmann's fantasia, "The Return." Six competitors. Prize, one guinea. Best, Mr. Harry Protheroe, of the Cyfarfha Band, Merthyr.

Drum and Fife Band Competition: Test piece, Brinley Richard's "Let the Hills Resound with Song." Prizes—1st, seven guineas; and, three guineas. Seven bands competed.

Best, Mountain Ash Band, conducted by Mr. Stephen Cosslett; and second best, Cymmer Band, conducted by Mr. Lewis Davies.

Brass Band Competition: Test piece, "The Heavens are telling." Prizes—1st, £18; 2nd, £7; 3rd, £5. Six bands competed.

The awards were made by Mr. Shepherd as follows: 1st, Ferndale Band, conducted by Mr. James Ryan; 2nd, Llanelly Band, conducted by Mr. J. Samuel; 3rd, Blaينا Band, conducted by Mr. G. H. Birkenshaw.

#### FERNDALE EISTEDDFOD.

A very important and interesting Eisteddfod was held at Ferndale on Monday, June 4th.

Musical adjudicators: Vocal, Messrs. Peter Edwards (Pedr Alaw), Mus. Bac., and J. T. Docksey. Instrumental, Mr. Thomas Seddon, Kettering.

Soprano Solo Competition: Test piece, J. Henry's "Cenych nu zr hên ganiadau." Prize, one guinea and a half. Nine competitors. Best, Miss Maggie Morris, Tynyrefail.

Contralto Competition: Test piece, Cowen's "Light in Darkness." Prize, one guinea and a half. Seventeen competitors. Best, Miss Esther Williams, Rhymney.

Tenor Solo Competition: Test piece, Wm. Davis's "Rhwyg brynau Gwallin." Prize, one guinea and a half. Eighteen competitors. Best, Mr. David Howells (Gwynalaw), Ferndale.

Bass Solo Competition: Test piece, Wm. Davis's "Y Bancwr." Prize, one guinea and a half. Fifteen competitors. Best, Mr. Iver Foster, Penygraig.

Male Voice Choral Competition: Test piece, Jenkins' "Hail, David, Hail!" Prize, £20, and gold-mounted baton value £5. Two choirs—namely, Ferndale, conducted by Mr. T. Bowen, and Treherbert, conducted by T. T. Jones. Best, Ferndale Choir.

Second Choral Competition: Test piece, Gwilym Gwent's "Y Gwanwyn." Prize, £20 and a gold baton value five guineas. Three choirs competed, namely, Mardy, Ferndale, and Cwmaman Glee Society. Pedr Alaw delivered the adjudication. 1st (Mardy). Contained good voices, lacking in sympathy between the voices, and phrasing faulty. Time was good, but intonation very bad at the conclusion of the piece. 2nd (Ferndale). Very good voices, but the quality of the altos not so pure. Basses possessed very good voices. Soprano not so pure in intonation towards the close, and faulty in tune, and consequently drew the whole choir out of tune. Time and phrasing was everything to be desired. 3rd (Cwmaman). Commencing in grand style, possessing excellent voices; time rather faulty, but intonation very good indeed. They had that sympathy between the different voices which is essential to good choral singing. The adjudicators had no hesita-

tion in awarding the prize to last-named choir, viz., Cwmaman, conducted by Mr. Thomas Evans.

Chief Choral Competition: Test piece "All men, all things" (*Mendelssohn*), prize £100, a silver cup, value £25. Three choirs competed, namely, Blaencwm, Dowlais, and Merthyr Choirs. The contest was really between the Dowlais and Merthyr Choirs, the other not coming up to much merit. After a very detailed and full adjudication the adjudicators awarded the prize to the Merthyr Choir, conducted by Mr. Dan Davies.

Brass Band Competition: Test piece "The Heavens are telling" (*Haydn*). Nine bands competed. Mr. Seddon delivered a very detailed adjudication. Best—1st, Ferndale (£15); 2nd, Blaينا (£10); 3rd, Llanelly (£5). Their respective conductors were Mr. James Ryan, Mr. G. T. Birkenshaw, and Mr. J. Samuel.

#### TOWYN EISTEDDFOD.

An important and very successful Eisteddfod was held at Towyn, Merioneth, in beginning of June, in the large and spacious new Assembly Rooms.

Musical Adjudicator: Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., Aberystwyth.

Artists: Miss Jennie Roberts, R.A.M.; Miss Georgina Hughes, Sen. Hon. Cert., K.C.F.; Mr. Enoch Davies, A.L.C.M.; and W. M. Williams. Solo Flautist: Mr. A. Elliott, London, who contributed two or three solos on his favourite instrument in excellent style, and brought down the house each time. His performances were greatly admired, and he promises to be one of the foremost players of the day.

Miss Georgina Hughes, who contributed a few Welsh and English songs at the different meetings, a charming young lady, who possesses a fine and powerful contralto voice. Her fine phrasing and effective enunciation, and the excellent style she interpreted her different songs, was really splendid, and elicited an irresistible *encore* each time she appeared. By careful training and proper care of the voice, she will, I am sure, be ranked as a first class singer.

Accompanists were Misses May Roberts and Blanche Stanley, who very ably went through their share of the work.

Bass Solo Competition: Test piece, Dr. Parry's "Gwraig y morwr." Best, Mr. H. Vaughan Davies, out of sixteen competitors. Prize, silver medal.

Mr. Davies possesses a grand powerful *basso profundo* of a voice, and should be ranked as a first-rate artist, after having good training for a short time.

Tenor Solo Competition: Test piece, R. S. Hughes's "Cymru Anwylaf" (*Lovely Wales*). Nine competitors. Best, Mr. J. Lumley Machynlleth.

Contralto Solo Competition: Test piece, J. Henry's "Bwthyn yr Amddifad." Seven competitors. Best Miss Lumley Machynlleth.

Baritone Solo Competition: Test piece, W. Davis's "Hafod Elwy." Nine competitors. Best, Mr. H. R. Humphreys Abergwynolwyn.

Male Voice Choirs' Competition: Test piece, Protheroe's, "Milwyr y Groes" (*The Crusaders*). Two choirs competed, viz. Llanegryn and Abergwynolwyn. Best, Llanegryn Glee Party, conducted by Mr. Owen Jones.

Brass Band Contest: Test piece, Round's "Village Festival." Two bands competed, viz., Towyn Band, conducted by Mr. Evan Davies, and Aberllefenni, conducted by Mr. Edw. Jones. Best, Aberllefenni.

Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., made a very efficient and able adjudicator, and his awards were very popular throughout.

Chief Choral Competition: Test piece, Gwilym Gwent's "Yr Haf." Two choirs competed, viz., Aberdorey, conducted by Mr. Jno. Lumley, and Llanegryn. Best, Llanegryn, conducted by Mr. Owen Jones.

The meetings were under the able conductorship of the renowned bard Cadvan, who has been selected as conductor at the coming National Eisteddfod at Carnarvon, and an adjudicator at the National Eisteddfod of 1895, to be held at Llanelly.

In connection with Towyn Eisteddfod of 1895 a solid silver challenge cup, valued at £30, will be offered by Messrs. Boosey & Co., Instrument Makers, London, supplemented by a substantial prize in money by the Eisteddfod Committee, to the best brass band (in North Wales) which will render best a selection of Welsh airs. Publicity will be given in due time, as to whose arrangement the piece will be, with the necessary particulars. The cup will have to be won three times before coming the property of the winners.

#### POWYS PROVINCIAL EISTEDDFOD.

The annual meetings of the above Eisteddfod were held at Llanfairairincion, near Welshpool. Cadran, the celebrated bard, conducted the proceedings, and imparted life and great interest throughout the proceedings. Musical adjudicator, Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), Aberystwyth. Artists engaged were: Miss

Jennie Roberts, R.A.M., Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, A.R.A.M., Mr. David Hughes, R.A.M., Miss Jennie Parry (Telynoses Lleifad), harpist, and Mr. T. Maldwyn Price, R.A.M., as accompanist—all of whom went through their arduous tasks very worthily. The Newtown Silver Band (conducted by Mr. H. Carl Taylor) contributed selections of music at intervals during the proceedings throughout the day; also the Llanfair Choral Society assisted in making the Eisteddfod a success in singing at intervals. Conductor, the able musician Mr. E. Dryhurst Roberts.

Soprano Solo Competition: Test piece, Welsh air, "Clychau Aberdyff." Competitors to be in Welsh costume. Seven competitors, prize one guinea. Best, Miss Cissie Pritchard, Cefn Mawr, a pupil of Mr. Wilfrid Jones. She had a splendid bell-like voice; her words were clear, and phrasing altogether very commendable.

Contralto Solo Competition: Test piece, "O Rest in the Lord." Nine competitors, prize 10s. 6d. Best, Miss Vaughan, Tynawr, Llanelly.

Tenor Solo Competition: Test piece, Dr. Parry's "Bugail yr Eryri." Six competitors, prize 10s. 6d. Best, Mr. Hudson Phillips, Tregynon, who gave a very pleasing interpretation of the song.

Bass Solo Competition: Test piece, W. Davis's "Rhys ab Goronwy." Twelve competitors, prize 10s. 6d. Best, Mr. Edward Pritchard, Cefnmawr.

Vocal Duett Competition: Test piece, R. S. Hughes' "Gwyd i'r Gad." Five competitors, prize 15s. Best, Misses Frank Jones, Newtown, and Hudson Phillips, Tregynon.

Vocal Quartett Competition: Test piece, "O come, every one that thirsteth" (*Elijah*), prize £1 10s., three parties. Best, Tregynon party.

Juvenile Choral Competition: Test piece, Dr. Parry's "Plant y wlad." Three choirs competed, prize £3. Best, Llwydiarth choir, conducted by the Rev. Allen Jones.

Male Voice Choral Competition: Test piece, D. Jenkins's "Llongau Madog," prize £6 6s. Two choirs competed. Best, Llanfyllin choir, conducted by Mr. Thomas Price.

The adjudicator was very pleased with the quality of tone produced by the first tenors. The subduing of the voices in order that the melody by the tenors be brought out prominently (in the second movement) was exceedingly well rendered. The *cres.* and *dim.* parts had very careful attention; their singing was full of soul and enthusiasm.

Chief Choral Competition: Test piece, Emelyn Evans's "Byw yw yr Arglwydd," prize £20 and a medal value £2 2s. Two choirs competed, viz., Melfod choir and Llanfyllin choir. Mr. Jenkins gave his award as follows:—

1st (Melfod choir). Good commencement, but the sopranos were not good on the top *F's* on the first and second pages. It required more subdued singing in the *mezzo forte* passages. Intonation not well; tenors not mellow and smooth in the finishing section of the first movement. The sentiment of the *andante* movement was very well done indeed, and by far better than any other part of the anthem. Towards the end they were a little out of tune. The cross accents were faulty. Basses very well in the attacks of different movements, better than the other voices. The choir deserved praise for the splendid rendering of the *andante* part, and, considering the quality of their voices, their performance was very creditable.

2nd (Llanfyllin choir). Commencement very well; sopranos and tenors with good voices, with the intonation strikingly good in these voices. This choir had excellent points, and threw many a good "side-light," and interpreted the piece in commendable style; phrasing good and bright, with a finished expression. Time very good throughout; full decision in all the attacks. The *cres.* and *dim.* passages in the last movement were very finely worked up and rendered so excellently that the piece was given in a fully majestic and effective manner. Mr. Jenkins had no hesitation in awarding the prize to the last-named choir, viz. Llanfyllin, conducted by the veteran conductor, Mr. Thomas Price. I was very glad to see him so hale and hearty in his declining years, and keeping so full of the musical enthusiasm.

In the evening a grand concert was held. The programme embraced very classical songs, judiciously interspersed with instrumental items. The harp solos were executed in a high, commendable manner, and were well received. Miss Parry promises to become a first-class performer on her favourite instrument.

Miss Jennie Roberts, R.A.M., who possesses a pleasing soprano voice of considerable power and compass, has great musical ability and artistic intelligence. She has become quite a favourite in the Welshpool district, and was seldom heard to better advantage. Her rendering of "Cymm Fyd," "O! na



byddai 'n Haf o hyd," "When the Heart is Young," etc., were all exceedingly well given, and the audience redemanded the different songs each time.

Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, A.R.A.M., sang "Sailor's Grave," and "How vain is man," etc., in a manner that fully maintained his great world-wide reputation.

I have seldom heard him to better advantage than when he gave J. Henry's "Gwlad y Delyn," which elicited a vociferous encore.

Mr. David Hughes, R.A.M., though suffering from a heavy cold, gave great satisfaction, his fine bass voice being heard to advantage in Hatton's "Revenge," and Dr. Parry's "Milwr Dewr."

A very clever performance of Raft's "Polka de la Reine" was given on the pianoforte by a splendid executant in the person of Miss Macarthy Jones, London. She promises to be an able performer on the piano.

The concert was terminated with the singing of the Welsh National Anthem, viz., "Hen wlad fy nhadau."

#### "JUDAS MACCABEUS" AT ABERYSTWYTH.

The above work was recently performed at the above place in a large pavilion erected for the occasion on Victoria Terrace. The chorus numbered about 300, all drawn from the different denominations in the town, forming a fine choir called the Aberystwyth Choral Union, having as its conductor the highly-respected and recognised clever musician, Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac. He has also under his baton in the rehearsals, a permanent orchestra of about thirty performers (in connection with the above choir), which was augmented for this occasion with six or seven professional performers.

The band, under the leadership of Mr. W. Hulley, Swansea. Artists: soprano Miss Emily Francis (first prize-winner at the Chicago International Eisteddfod), a young lady of much promise, who commands a soprano voice of much purity and sweetness, and sings with vigour and spirit, which is at once acceptable. She rendered the solos allotted to her, and went through her arduous task with commendable praise; contralto, Miss Ida Brown, Swansea. She displayed her solos with much artistic effect, possessing a good contralto voice, though not very powerful, but displaying her powers and ability to advantage; tenor, Mr. William Evans, of the Crystal Palace, and other concerts, a pupil of Sims Reeves (who I hear is very proud of his pupil). Judging by the applause of the audience, the reception of the evening was inclined more in favour of the two male artists, especially to Mr. Evans for his magnificent rendering of "How vain is man," and "Sound an Alarm." He possesses a very fine tenor voice, powerful, but at the same time, very brilliant and fine in tone; bass, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, the renowned basso. To praise Mr. Davies would be entirely superfluous, as he is so well known to display his great vocal powers and artistic abilities, not only in oratorio, and on concert platforms, but also in Italian and English operas, in which he is so much in demand. Perhaps I may say that he rendered the recitative "Be Comforted," and the solo, "The Lord worketh wonders," in a manner which elicited a vociferous encore, to which he bowed his acknowledgment.

In the trio, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the two female artists were supported by Miss Price, a local amateur of much ability.

The chorus and orchestra blended well together, and the performance throughout was of a really high order.

The accompaniments on the pianoforte and harmonium were very ably executed by Mr. Arthur J. Hughes and Miss Rea.

#### RIVIERE'S GRAND CONCERTS AT LLANDUDNO.

The above concerts are carried on at the new Concert Hall, recently built for these concerts, and are under the able direction of the veteran conductor M. Jules Riviere.

The building has gone through many alterations lately, so that it is by now one of the most commodious, well-fitted, and pleasant concert-halls in the kingdom.

The alterations to the building which have been carried out during the winter, consist of an extension of the corridor with a large new refreshment buffet, a new entrance porch, a manager's room, and ladies' cloak room, etc., and new raised seats in the hall itself, whilst outside, the grounds have been laid out on an extensive scale and in an efficient manner—particulars of these are given below. I hear frequent remarks from visitors, all of whom seem to be very pleased with the grounds, and surprise is expressed to find them so large and so excellently adapted for the purpose in view. There can be no doubt that the directors have made a move in the right direction, and by the energy displayed have given an unmistakable token of their desire and intention to keep abreast of the times, and eventually to

make the hall and grounds replete with every attraction which visitors can reasonably look for. The interior walls of the hall and the proscenium have been re-coloured and re-decorated, and the front of the stage is brightened by a liberal supply of plants—the beautiful palms on either side. I am very pleased to understand that the lady admirers of M. Riviere (and their name is legion) have again shown their regard by replacing with a new one the large vase which was accidentally broken last autumn; the pair, it will be remembered, was presented by the ladies at the opening of the hall last July, and it is pleasant to find that the same kindly thoughtfulness is still being exhibited by their friends towards M. and Madame Riviere.

I herewith append a description of the gardens, which were designed by Mr. R. H. Vertegans, F.R.H.S., of the Old Nurseries, Chad Valley, Birmingham. The object he seems to have had in view is that of making them not only interesting as a flower garden, but also attractive as a promenade, by allowing ample width in the grand terraces and other parts of the grounds, varying the walks in width from 15 to 25 feet, the entire space being covered with Vale de Travers asphalt. There is also a large space set apart for the orchestra, and being laid at a gentle incline, surface water will quickly pass away; it will also provide an admirable position for the arrangement of seats. The general level and undulations of the grounds have been arranged with a view to afford shelter, and further protection has been provided by a substantial boundary wall, glass corridors, etc. The greatest feature, however in the arrangements of the grounds is undoubtedly the rockwork, cascades, and fountains, and of the last named there are three. In due course aquatic plants, fish, etc., will be introduced, and form an additional attraction. In the rockwork will be found a great variety of dwarf growing shrubs, ferns, alpine and hardy herbaceous plants of a most interesting character; but all these will require time and attention to develop their beauty, and no doubt it will be the study of the directors to bring this, the most interesting part of the undertaking, to that state of perfection so much appreciated by all lovers of nature.

The evening (Saturday) I was at Llandudno there was a crowded audience at the Concert Hall to hear the interesting and varied programme. Saturday is the night for "Special Concerts," and M. Riviere has an excellent orchestra of forty members at his command, every member a splendid executant on the different instruments, to give the programme a varied character. Eminent vocalists are engaged weekly, who, with the band, make up a concert second to none in the principality.

During the interval the grounds are much frequented, and present a brilliant sight, lit up as they were with fairy lights. Coffee and conversation in the corridor soon whiles away twenty minutes, and the warning bell that calls the orchestra together hastens the audience into their places again.

The other evening M. Max Morsel received a tremendous ovation after his violin solos; viz., (a) Romanza by H. Wieniawski, and (b) capriccio, "Pavillon," by C. Bohm. This talented artist is engaged for two or three weeks, so that there will be ample opportunity to hear and see him. The solos which this talented and graceful player has given from time to time never fail to excite the utmost enthusiasm.

I learn that M. Ivan Morsel, of the Amsterdam Conservatoire, a violoncellist, who has made a very famous name for himself at most of the best concerts on the Continent, is engaged to contribute to some concerts in a few days. I was particularly glad to see and hear Mr. Lucas Williams, the popular Welsh basso, in such capital form the other evening. He quite brought the house down with his rendering of "Ho! Jolly Jenkins" (*Ivanhoe*).

May the new Concert Hall and its management be quite a success throughout!

#### THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT CARNARVON.

By the time that these notes will be in the hands of our readers the above great institution will be in full swing.

Dear readers, look out for our complete and full report of the whole proceedings, containing portraits of all important personages connected with it!

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 23, Paternoster Row. Subscriptions and Advertisements to Business Manager, "Magazine of Music" Office, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor, 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

## Proposed Memorial to Mr. W. T. Best,

ORGANIST AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL, 1885-94.

**A** MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Liverpool to commemorate the services of Mr. Best to musical art as composer, editor, organist, and expert. His merits are but feebly expressed when we recount the following as a few of his achievements:—

William Thomas Best was born at Carlisle in 1826. The organ was a very inferior instrument in those days, mechanical appliances, by which orchestral colour and effects became possible, not having been invented, and the pedal compass was defective.

In 1832 the late Mr. Barker first thought of the invention called the pneumatic lever; in 1844 the first sforzando coupler was applied by Lincoln (thus giving a sudden and remarkable accent hitherto unknown on the organ). In 1851 Mr. Henry Willis erected a large organ with concave and radiating pedals of a proper compass (as had by now become the practice); he introduced studs or pistons projecting through the key-slips, operated on by the thumbs—a substitute for the ordinary composition pedals.

Mr. Best saw the possibilities of all these and other improvements, and originated a style of solo playing hitherto never dreamt of: wonderful hand and foot, extraordinary brain, splendid *morale*—all contributing to wonderful result: *comparable only to Paganini on the violin*. Not only great in legitimate organ music, such as Bach, but intimately acquainted with all operatic music.

Organist at the Great Exhibition of 1851: Panopticon of Science and Art, London: St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London: Lincoln's Inn, Chapel, London. Sole Organist to Handel Festival (no solo this year). Opened all the great organs, including Albert Hall, London; Colston Hall, Bristol; Queen's Hall, London, recently.

Designed immense numbers of organs, e.g. the large one in the Albert Palace, London, and also organs erected in France, and arranged from works of French, German, and Italian composers, thus showing intimate acquaintance with the construction of foreign organs. Arrangements and compositions extraordinarily numerous—Bach, Handel's Concertos, Instruction Books, etc., etc.

No nation so great in organs and organists as England; hence Best, being greatest in England, greatest in the world—a legitimate source of national pride; not the case with any other English musician.

What we would now desire to impress upon those of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Best, his compositions, or his intrinsic value as a musical expert, is the necessity of sending any donation to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool as quickly as possible.

The Hon. Secs, we understand, are sending to the organists in the various cities and towns in the kingdom a circular letter asking them if they will take a collecting-book. It is earnestly hoped that they will remember that any sum will be acceptable, as it is proposed to make the memorial as representative as possible.

W. B. BOWRING, LORD MAYOR, *Chairman*.

JOSEPH BEAUSIRE, } *Hon. Treasurers*.

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# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

## Handel Festival Supplement.

JULY, 1894.

### The First Handel Festival.

It is interesting, if in no way instructive, to compare the Handel Festival we have just experienced (like an illness!) with a similar affair held last century, of which the excellent though prejudiced and inaccurate Burney, music-historian, left full record. The Handel Commemoration of 1784 was the first Handel Festival. Like many things of which more is heard later—say the College of Organists or Trinity College, Limited—it began in quite a small and public-house-back-parlour sort of way. But there was no mystery around it, as in the similar instances given. Genial Burney describes the “birthing” of the scheme (to use Mr. Joseph Bennett’s beautiful phrase) with great candour. A few friends were gathered together in 1783 to arrange a charity concert of some sort, when one of them suggested that it should be of a glorified sort, 1784 being the end of the century after Handel’s birth (this is not very clear, as he was born in 1685), and exactly the quarter-century since his death. The king heard and approved of the idea; and when the use of Westminster Abbey was applied for, the Bishop of Rochester, “finding that the scheme was honoured with the patronage of his majesty, readily consented,” as became a loyal bishop who hoped to go further. Mr. Wyatt, architect or builder, or both, arranged a special gallery capable of seating “the vast body of performers” at the west end; and on this gallery a special organ was built. Boxes were put up for the king and his most royal family, and seats provided for the audience. The orchestra was made up after this manner:—48 first violins; 47 seconds, amongst them a “Mr. Wagner” (one wonders whether he was any relative of the then unborn and unthought-of Richard); 26 violas; 21 celli; and 15 double-basses. Now mark the proportion of strings to wind. Against the 95 violins there were 26 oboes,—13 firsts and 13 seconds,—and no less than 26 bassoons. Beside these 6 flutes seem too few, but that was the number. Then there were 12 trumpets, 12 horns, 6 trombones, 3 kettledrums, “2 pair of double-drums from the Tower,” and a pair of double-bass drums! The latter frightful weapons were used only in the Dettingen Te Deum, and (says Burney) “except the destruction, had all the effect of the most powerful artillery.” A double-bassoon was also there, but not used, although no less a person than Mr. Sample, “who wrote the music to the *Dragon of Wantley*,” was there to play it.

Let the arithmetical reader reckon up the total number of the band, and then compare it with the chorus. This consisted of 59 trebles, many of them boys, and including the soloists; 48 counter-tenors, not a petticoat amongst them; 83 tenors, including a Mr. Turle; and 84 basses,

amongst them a Mr. Purcell. As in the case of the trebles, these numbers include the soloists; and one wonders whether a male counter-tenor sang, “O Thou that Tellesst.” The band then differed from the band of to-day; the chorus differed; the proportions of these to one another differed; but the most startling difference between the ancient and the modern festival lies in this, that the ancient one had no conductor. No conductor! What would the triennial festival at the Crystal Palace be without Mr. August Manns! Give us *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, the Moor of Venice without *Othello*, if you like; but a Handel Festival without a conductor—the thing cannot be thought of! One would expect to hear of confusion from beginning to end; but, as we shall presently see, Burney will have it that we are wrong. The “conductor” sat at the “harpsichord”—which seems, however, to have the consol of the great specially built organ; for Burney speaks of tracheas goodness knows how many feet long, connecting it with that instrument.

Such an unprecedented undertaking stimulated eighteenth-century curiosity. The tickets do not appear to have sold at an alarming rate until the “great rehearsal,” at which there must have been quite an audience, for the fame of the thing went forth, and by Wednesday morning, May 26, 1784, there was not a seat to be had for money or by interest. Some of our good Burney’s friends had neglected to invest in tickets soon enough, and applied to him; but, alas! he was unable to oblige them, and they are dead, and their very names forgotten, and we shall never know what they felt. However, a mutual friend of Burney’s and ourselves—one James Boswell, *alias* Bozzy—was there. The great bear wanted his company to Oxford, and accordingly to Oxford he went. Once there, he returned to London, on purpose that he might not miss the Commemoration concerts; and Johnson, he tells us, was pleased with the consideration he showed in not mentioning the matter before they started from London. For Ursa Major was a good old boy, though hot-tempered.

On the memorable morning “such a crowd of ladies and gentlemen were assembled together as became very formidable and terrific to one another.” They were not humble shilling-gallery folk. They were “ladies and gentlemen,” as Burney says, and had paid their guinea or more per seat; and as the doorkeepers were not there to admit them when they assembled at nine o’clock, they, with aristocratic insolence, wanted to know how it was, and threatened to break open the doors. The performance did not commence until twelve, and long before then they were in their places, and, “except dishevelled hair and torn garments, no real mischief seems to have happened.” I have not looked up the advertisements for the occasion, but, depend upon it, the ladies were asked to come without their hoops, and the gentlemen without their swords, “the performance being for a charity.” The

audience seems to have been a singularly well-behaved one. “In justice to the audience, it may be said that though the frequency of hearing good music in this capital of late years has so far blunted the edge of curiosity and appetite, that the best operas and concerts are accompanied with a buzz and murmur of conversation equal to that of a tumultuous crowd, or the din of high ‘Change; yet now such a stillness reigned as perhaps never happened before in so large an assembly.”

The first day was a selection day. The programme was divided into three parts. First came the Coronation Anthem, then the “Overture in Esther”; after that the Dettingen Te Deum. Part II. commenced with the “Overture in Saul,” the fugue omitted, “as the passages have been so long in such favour with the imitators of Handel as to be rendered trite and vulgar,” saith Burney. That was followed by the Dead March, a selection from the Funeral Anthem, and the Gloria Patri from the Jubilate. Part III. included the anthem, “O Sing unto the Lord,” in which, though Madame Mara had but a few simple notes to deliver, they made me shiver, and I found it extremely difficult to avoid bursting into tears on hearing them”; and a selection from *Israel in Egypt*, in which “Mr. Norris pronounced ‘for the horse of Pharaoh’ with the true energy of an Englishman.” Burney records that everything went admirably, and with exact unanimity, though no one could have believed it. An enormous impression was made; and the security of Handel’s fame perhaps dates from that performance rather than from the day when the king and audience spontaneously rose to their feet at the “Hallelujah” in the *Messiah*.

On the evening of the morrow the festival was continued in the Pantheon. The band numbered 200 and the audience 1,600. Special platforms and all needful etceteras had been put up; but after the tremendous effects in the Abbey on the previous day the concert was a disappointment, as we can well understand. The programme contained more of the secular element: that is to say, of such of his operatic songs as he had not chosen to use in his oratorios. But it included a selection from *Israel in Egypt*; and we may also note that a song, sung at this last festival of 1894, “Nasce al Bosco,” was given by a Signor Tasca.

The *Messiah* in Westminster Abbey on Saturday, May 29, concluded the festival proper. The audience was, if possible, bigger, but they knew what to expect, and the arrangements were probably better, and there was no fighting at the doors. I have used the words “festival proper,” because, although this should have terminated the rejoicing, there were a great many people who wanted to hear and see that of which they had heard and seen so much; and as their majesties wanted a wholesale encore, two additional performances were given, one on June 3, the last on June 5. Burney’s notes on the *Messiah* are interesting reading, but I will not bore my readers with them at this moment, when they



want to get on to the festival of this year. But it may be noted that £12,730 12s. 10d. was taken. Of this the band (and I am compelled to assume that this includes the soloists) was paid £1,976. The useful Mr. Wyatt, already mentioned, received £1,969 12s., and one hopes the job paid him. Then advertising cost £269 19s. Of the profits, the Society for Decayed Musicians were given £6,000—a handsome little sum—while Westminster Hospital benefited to the tune of £1,000. Burney's pleasant remarks end with the testimony of a foreign gentleman, that no such festival had ever been given or was indeed possible abroad, which is flattering to us Englishmen, as perhaps the foreign gentleman intended.

## Later Handel Festivals.

THE attention excited by this gathering was so great, that similar meetings, with augmented numbers of performers, were given under the title of Grand Musical Festivals, in 1785, 1786, and 1787. Another meeting was held in the Abbey in 1791, when the performers are said to have amounted to 1,068, but it is believed that this number was made up by inserting the names of many persons who performed alternately with others, and that the numbers engaged in any one performance did not much exceed those on the former occasions. The effects of these great meetings were seen not so much in the Metropolis as in the Provinces, where the periodical musical festivals increased in number as well as improved in excellence. No other great musical performance took place in London until 1834; for a concert given in Westminster Abbey immediately after the coronation of George IV., in 1821, can scarcely be cited as an exception. In 1834, however, a musical festival was held in Westminster Abbey, at which about 600 performers were employed. This, from its taking place in the same building, and at the exact interval of half a century from the performances in commemoration of Handel in 1784, is frequently, but erroneously, spoken of as a second commemoration of that illustrious composer. It was, however, not so, nor was it so put forth. It bore the title of a 'Musical Festival' only, and the music performed comprised selections from the works of nine other composers besides Handel."

Thus from 1791 until 1857 there was no genuine Handel Festival. And 1857 was only an experiment, intended to test whether the Crystal Palace was a suitable place for a musical orgy on a large scale which it was decided to hold in 1859, being the century after the composer's death. The experiment was a success, and in 1859 the true festival, like all Handel festivals since, was held there. Amongst the soloists only one, I believe, is now living—"the veteran Sims Reeves." Costa conducted. The oratorios were the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, as they always have been; and pieces from *Belshazzar*, *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, made up hodge-podge day, or, as it is generally called, selection day. This festival being a huge success, it was decided that it should become an institution, and henceforth and for ever take place triennially. The arrangements were left with the late Sacred Harmonic Society, and Sir Michael Costa was to be conductor so long as nature would permit. Wherefore the affair of 1859 was repeated in 1862, 1865, 1868, 1871, 1874, 1877,

and 1880 under these conditions, only the artists and the programme of selection day varying.

In 1882 the Sacred Harmonic Society went the way of all flesh and the Crystal Palace Company took the thing up, retaining Sir Michael Costa as conductor. However, he never conducted under the new auspices. In 1883 he was taken suddenly ill, and Mr. August Manns had to do the thing at no notice at all; and in 1884 Sir Michael followed the Sacred Harmonic Society into the land of shadows, and Mr. August Manns reigned, permanently, in his stead.

Those of my readers who know their musical history may remember that Handel was born 1685 (new time). Therefore 1885 was the bicentenary, which "important event" it was decided to mark by an "extra-special" festival. However, there was nothing extra-special about it. The truth is the limit with regard to size of orchestra, chorus and audience had been reached, and it had not struck any one that anything in the way of artistic improvement was possible. Perhaps it was not possible—in that building; though the point will be discussed elsewhere. The year 1885 gave a fresh starting-place to count from, and the later festivals have been given in 1888, 1891, to the present year. The most remarkable of these was that of 1888, when twelve pieces were performed for the first time at the Triennial Festivals. The Sonata in A was played by all the violins, which misdeed was repeated in 1891 and this year.

## The Festival of 1894.

THE Festival of 1894 does not differ in any essential from previous festivals. Mr. Alfred Eyre has resigned, and Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock takes his place at the organ; the selection programme is altered; and some of the soloists have not sung there before, while some who sang last time are not conspicuous by their absence this time, though they are absent all the same. But Mr. Manns is there, and Madame Albani, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and the band and chorus are large as ever—or perhaps larger, for they number this year 4,000 in all; and probably the attendance will be the same.

### THE CONDUCTOR.

Mr. August Manns is known to every one in musical England, or if by any chance some benighted individual does not know all about the eminent conductor, let him straightway hie to the nearest newsagent and order the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for April, 1893, and come out of his state of heathen darkness as soon as possible. It will there be seen that Mr. Manns was three years a bandsman in the German army. Afterwards, he was for two years in the reserves when the regiment was transferred to Posen. From Posen he went to Berlin to Kroll's as solo violinist and conductor. But, previous to that he "was one of fifteen boys apprenticed to him to learn the art of music; there were also twelve grown-up musicians, and with them we youths formed the town orchestra. We played at the theatre, and during the season gave from twenty-five to thirty concerts. The orchestra had a little subsidy from the town; and besides playing at the theatre and giving concerts we attended balls. I played the oboe parts for some months, then the clarinet and flute. Splendid musicians were some of these

holders of town musicianships. Boys with talent had three or four years' education under them. Sometimes people paid for extra lessons in composition or some other branch of music for which a lad showed talent. This kind of instruction brought out a great deal of talent. This was in Elbing, a town at that time of about 18,000 inhabitants, where Urban was the town musical director. He has now been conductor at the Palace for, I believe, thirty-eight years. When he had been there for a quarter of a century "I had a little dinner with the band. There were only six left of the original members. Of the singers I knew when I first came to England, only Santley and Reeves are alive." He has, as stated elsewhere, conducted the Handel Festivals since 1883, this being his fifth.

### THE SOLOISTS

this year are—Madame Albani, Miss Ella Russell, Madame Melba, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Clara Samuelli, Miss Marian McKenzie, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Santley, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Norman Salmond; whilst the organist is Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock, as I have already mentioned. It seems unkind to say it, but one is bound to class Madame Albani (Mrs. Gye) amongst the veterans, for she has sung at the festivals since 1877. Other veterans are Mr. Lloyd, who put in his first appearance at Sydenham in 1874, and Mr. Santley, who dates so far back as 1865; the others are mere children in comparison. Miss Russell and Madame Melba are better known as operatic than as concert-singers. Miss Clara Butt is, of course, a newcomer, having made her reputation only quite recently as a Handel singer. Mr. Ben Davies and his astonishing leap from burlesque opera to the very front rank of serious concert-singers are well enough known; nor need anything be said about the others. One thing, however, may be said: it is much to be regretted that some of the veterans, who are spared by press and public because they are veterans, and for no other reason, do not retire with their comfortable little fortunes, and make way for the younger generation, some of whom have better voices than ever they had, most of whom are better and more conscientious artistes than ever they were.

### THE CHORUS,

numbering over 3,000, are brought from various parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. Each contingent is carefully rehearsed by its local conductor before Mr. August Manns pays it a visit, and gives it the final polish. This year the tenors are much too strong for the rest of the company, and, it may be added, much too coarse in tone and violent in attack for any company whatever. This was especially noticeable at the performance of the *Messiah* on Monday, June 25. On Wednesday, waiting with a friend on the railway platform for the Crystal Palace train, a cattle-train, full of the proper occupants, ran through the station. The friend suggested that Mr. August Manns was having said occupants down to supersede his tenors, but when we got to the Palace we found this hypothesis did not meet the case: the cattle were not in the Palace at all, unless they had been quickly converted into the sandwiches to be had at the moderate price of—no! I won't be too precise: say they could be had for an amount that would provide a moderate annuity for an oldish man. The sopranos were fairly good, the altos too weak, while the basses hit the happy mean, and were excellent.

### THE ORCHESTRA

included a number of ladies, who were, however placed amongst the ripienos, or back-desks, and did not play in the solos. It was much better



balanced than the chorus, and, indeed, no fault whatever is to be found with it. As

#### A SPECTACLE

the chorus and orchestra are hardly a success. The gentlemen are all in black, but the ladies dress in every colour that is not to be found in the rainbow. Consequently the whole affair looks like a crazy patchwork, or an elaborate design which has been spoiled by the colours running. Seeing that the Royal Choral Society and other large bodies manage to have the ladies dressed in one colour, why should not the Handel Festival organizers insist on the same? The present arrangement is not only not picturesque: it is positively painful to the eye.

#### THE AUDIENCE,

like the chorus, comes from all the ends of the earth. In fact, a large portion of it comes with the chorus. Amongst it are large numbers of curates from the country, who bring copies of the scores, and follow them painfully and dutifully from the first to the last bar. A good many ancient ladies, probably mammas of hopeful sopranos in the chorus, are there, and eat sandwiches and talk in unceasing alternation from the moment they take their seats until they rise to go out. It is not, on the whole, an artistic audience: it encores every high note, and claps every "name," while preserving a careful, uncompromising silence about the untried, unknown new hand. One of the mysteries about this audience to me is how it gets into the

#### PRESS GALLERIES.

These are situated an unheard-of height above the level of the sea—close, in fact, to the glass roof. This is right, for if the angels in the realms above chose to join in the applause of any "heaven-sent singer" (the phrase has often been used), it is only right that the critics should have special opportunities of reporting the fact. But these ancient dames, country curates, national schoolmasters, and, generally speaking, country-bumpkindom in hobnailed boots, are not the critics. Of the latter, a favoured few are given reserved numbered seats, but the rest must scramble for a place with the motley crew described, and must be there some time before the performance commences, or every place will be filled. Surely there is something wrong here, and something which the courteous secretary can easily enough remedy! At present "Press Gallery" is a misnomer, unless you read "press" in another sense of the word.

#### THE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS

are, humanly speaking, perfect, as might be expected, for Mr. Manns, Mr. Henshaw Russell (manager), and Mr. William Gardiner (secretary), have worked with tireless energy for some months past to that end.

### First Day: The "Messiah."

WHO sat on the egg and hatched out the idea of the *Messiah* is one of those things that will never be known, in all probability. Jennens claimed the idea, as his, as he would, in any case have done. He considered the idea, and the words embodying the idea, as greatly more important than the music; though even he saw that the latter was, unfortunately, indispensable in an oratorio. He wrote thus to a friend:—

"I shall show you a collection I gave Handel, called 'Messiah,' which I value highly. He has made a fine entertainment of it, though not near

so good as he might and ought to have done. I have, with great difficulty, made him correct some of the grossest faults in the composition; but he retained his overture obstinately, in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of the *Messiah*."

There appears to have been somewhat ranking in the great mind of Mr. Charles Jennens when he penned that letter. Had Handel treated him as he did Dr. Morell, of Turnham Green? Dr. Morell wrote the words of several oratorios, and in an unlucky hour remarked to Handel that the music of a song did not fit the words. The explosion was instantaneous. "What, you teach me music! The music, sir, is good music. It is your words is bad. Hear it again" (played it in wrath on the spinet). "There now I go, make words to that music!" Handel was very likely quite impartial in his judgment on the music, for it was, as probably as not, stolen; and anyhow we can agree with him in one respect—Dr. Morell's words were the very starry pointing pyramid in the way of badness. Jennens' were not quite so bad, and Handel tolerated him; but undoubtedly had been sitting on him with some severity when the above letter was produced. But Handel was always ready to forgive those he had injured, and perhaps it was partly to recompense Jennens that he allowed the latter to claim the *Messiah*. "Your oratorio, *Messiah*, which I set to music before I left England," he writes in one place; and to do Mr. Jennens justice, he swallowed everything that Handel allowed him in that line.

Whoever hatched out the idea, it is certain that Handel immortalised it. The *Messiah* was written when his fortunes were "at their lowest ebb." The first page of the score is dated August 22, 1741; at the end of the first part the date is August 28; at the end of the second, September 6; and on the last page we read, "Fine dell' Oratorio, G. F. Handel, September 12, 1741." I shall refrain from the usual raptures on the pace at which the work was written. Undoubtedly it was quick work, but it is certain that Handel had the music stored away at the back of his head when he commenced. Nay, Dr. A. H. Mann, rummaging among the Handel manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, found studies for "He was Despised," and other numbers. Further, we must remember that the scoring is of the thinnest. A modern composer would probably have at least ten times the number of notes per bar to write; for he has the whole modern battery of instruments to provide. Handel wrote for voices, strings, and trumpets, directing oboes or bassoons to play with the voices or violins in certain cases; and it is supposed that the horns, undoubtedly used at the Foundling performances, played the trumpet parts an octave beneath. Anyhow, the *Messiah* was somehow written in three weeks, and then Handel thought of accepting the Lord-Lieutenant's invitation to Dublin. Later on in the year (1741), he passed through Chester, en route for the Emerald Isle. Our own amiable Burney saw him.

"When Handel went through Chester on his way to Ireland this year, 1741, I was at the Public School in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe over a dish of coffee at the Exchange Coffee-house; for, being extremely anxious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavourable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist; my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing *at sight*; as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and, among the rest, a

printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. At this time, Harry Alcock, a good player, was the first violin at Chester, which was then a very musical place; for besides public performances, Mr. Prebendary Prescott had a weekly concert, at which he was able to muster eighteen or twenty performers, gentlemen and professors. A time was fixed for the private rehearsal at the *Golden Falcon*, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the Chorus in the *Messiah*, 'And with His stripes we are healed'—poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him, and, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out in broken English: 'You scoundrel! did you not tell me you could sing at sight?' 'Yes, sir,' says the printer, 'and so I can; but not at first sight.'

Ultimately he arrived in Ireland—the papers of the time give the date as November 18. Signora Avolio, a famous soprano, landed six days later; and Mrs. Cibber and the rest landed not long after. Let us hear Handel's own account of the success which was so welcome after a long period of discouraging failure. He wrote thus to Jennens, who it will be remembered was author of the words of the *moderato* referred to:—

"December 29, 1741.

"It was with the greatest pleasure I saw the continuation of your kindness by the lines you was pleased to send me in order to be prefixed to your oratorio *Messiah*, which I set to music before I left England. I am emboldened, sir, by the generous concern you are pleased to take in relation to my affairs, to give you an account of the success I have met with here. The nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a subscription for six nights, which did fill a room of six hundred persons, so that I needed not sell one single ticket at the door, and, without vanity, the performance was received with a general approbation. Signora Avolio, which I brought with me from London, pleases extraordinarily; I have found another tenor voice, which gives great satisfaction; the basses and counter-tenors are very good, and the rest of the chorus singers, by my direction, do exceedingly well; as for the instruments, they are really excellent, Mr. Dubourgh being at the head of them; and the music sounds delightfully in this charming room, which puts me in such spirits, and my health being so good that I exert myself on my organ with more than usual success. I opened with the *allegro*, *Penseroso ed il Moderato*, and I assure you that the words of the *moderato* were vastly admired. The audience being composed—besides the flower of ladies of distinction and other people of the greatest quality—of so many bishops, deans, heads of the college, and the most eminent people in the law, as the chancellor, auditor-general, etc., all of which are very much taken with the poetry, so that I am desired to perform it again the next time. I cannot sufficiently express the kind treatment I receive here, but the politeness of this generous nation cannot be unknown to you, so I let you judge of the satisfaction I enjoy, passing my time with honour, profit, and pleasure. They propose already to have some more performances, when the six nights of the subscription are over, and my Lord Duke, the Lord-Lieutenant (who is always present with all his family on these nights), will easily obtain a longer permission for me by his Majesty, so that I shall be obliged to make my stay here longer than I thought. One request I must make to you, which is that you would insinuate my most devoted respects to my Lord and my Lady Shaftesbury; you know how much their kind protection is precious to me. Sir Windham Knatchbull will find here my respectful compliments. You will increase my obligations if, by occasion, you will present my humble service to some other patrons and friends of mine. I expect with impatience the favour of your news concerning your health and welfare, of which I take a real share. As for the news of the operas in London, I need not trouble you, for all this town is full of their ill success, by a number of letters from your quarters to people of quality here, and I can't help saying that it furnishes great diver-



sion and laughter. The first opera I heard myself before I left London, and it made me very merry all along my journey; and of the second opera, called *Penelope*, a certain nobleman writes jocosely, "Il faut que je dise avec Harlequin, notre Penelope n'est qu'une Sallope." But I think I have trespassed too much on your patience. I beg you to be persuaded of the extreme veneration and esteem with which I have the honour to be," etc.

What an artful old gentleman he was—how magnificently he flatters! He does everything on the grand scale. All the people of quality "are very much taken with the poetry," and that, and not the music, is why they wanted it again. The Mr. "Dubourg," oftener spelt without the final *h*, was a friend of Handel's, and played an important part in getting the musical grant to Dublin. He played other parts (on the violin) which were more notable in his own eyes, and in one indulged himself in an enormously long cadenza, in which he got out of the key and out of the time, and generally lost himself, like an M.P. in his maiden speech, a curate in his first sermon, or a bus-horse on its first journey on an unfamiliar road. The audience were puzzled, then amused, then enraged; but when Mr. Dubourg at last landed on the final shake in the key, and Handel remarked, audibly, "You are welcome home again, Mr. Dubourg," then all their feelings ran to pure delight, and their smile was, I am afraid, like Handel's remark, audible.

The Dublin visit is chiefly important because the *Messiah* was first performed there. In consequence of the success of the first series of concerts, a second was organized and commenced; and before they ended the following little "ad." appeared in *Faulkner's Journal* and the *Dublin News Letter* :—

"For the relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital in Stephen's Street, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay, on Monday, the 12th of April, will be performed, at the Musick Hall in Deshambles Street, *Mr. Handel's new Grand Oratorio, called the Messiah*, in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some concertos on the organ by Mr. Handel."

The first performance appears to have been Tuesday, April 13, but not having access to the copies of the journals, I have been unable to settle the point. Ladies were asked to come without hoops, and gentlemen without swords; and probably they all laughed at one another, and thought they looked unnatural.

That the *Messiah* was an enormous success from the beginning need not be said. It was not heard in London until March 23 of the following year, when it was given at Covent Garden. Handel was still in an unsettled state, and did not give up opera for some little time after. This letter to Jennens, written immediately after his return from Dublin, throws an interesting light on his affairs :—

September 9, 1742.

"It was indeed your humble servant who intended you a visit on my way from Ireland to London. The report that the direction of the opera next winter is committed to my care is groundless. The gentlemen who have undertaken to meddle with harmony cannot agree and are quite in a confusion. Whether I shall do something in the oratorio way (as several of my friends desire) I cannot determine as yet. Certain it is that, this time twelvemonth, I shall continue my oratorios in Ireland, where they are going to make a subscription already for that purpose. If I had known that my Lord Guernsey was so near when I passed Coventry, you may easily imagine, sir, that I should not have neglected of paying my respects to him, since you know the particular esteem I have for his lordship. I think it a very long time to November next, when I can have

some hope of seeing you here in town. Pray to let me hear, meanwhile, of your health and welfare, of which I take a real share, being, with an uncommon respect and sincerity, sir, your most obliged," etc.

That the *Messiah* was an important factor in the series of events which induced Handel to lay down opera and take up oratorio permanently cannot be doubted. It "caught on" at once. The number of times it has been performed, like the number of studies written by Czerny, cannot be reckoned with our poor human faculties. From 1749 to 1759 Handel gave it every year for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital. His last exertion was to conduct it at Covent Garden, on April 5 or 6 (1759, of course), just eight days before his death. The eleven performances at the Foundling brought in £6,935. Eight performances (1760-8) under J. Christopher Smith realized £1,332; and nine (1769-77) under Mr. Stanley, £2,032; so that, in all, the Foundling gained £10,299 through Handel. But the authorities did not even know they had a complete set of parts—enough for a performance on the eighteenth-century scale—of the *Messiah*! The drop from the sum taken at the performances under Handel to that taken at the performances under Smith, making allowances for the smaller number of the latter, is significant as showing Handel's personal popularity. On May 7, 1759, another performance would have come off, had Handel lived to direct it.

#### THE 1894 PERFORMANCE.

With a chorus and orchestra of four thousand, with singers who are, or are supposed to be, the very best attainable, and with a conductor of Mr. August Mann's supreme powers, a stupendous rendering of the *Messiah* might have been expected on Monday, June 25. I have not the slightest wish to dogmatise on this subject, and wish it to be understood that I give only my own impression when I say that the effects were stupendously disappointing. That enormous body, I thought, could not fail to "strike like a thunderbolt" in "Unto us a child is born," and "His yoke is easy." But on the contrary, I never heard anything slower, in both senses of the word, than these choruses. The truth is that the place is far too big. There is no good to be gained by shirking the matter. Even a chorus and orchestra of 4,000, and a huge organ, are not enough to fill the tremendous space of that transept with a true *fortissimo*—and what is a Handel chorus if a *fortissimo* cannot be got when it is wanted? Again, if a roulade, such as those in "Unto us a child is born," is taken above a certain pace, it "runs," to use a familiar word, and becomes a muddled mass of tone. Now the "certain pace" is far beneath that required to put rhythm, pulse, life, into such passages as "And the government shall be upon His shoulder," or to give adequate sharpness and distinctness to the shouts of "Wonderful! Counsellor!" while it was simply ludicrous to hear the roulades crawling painfully along in a manner suggestive of a "Snake" or "Worm" motive in the latest Wagnerian music-drama. Again, it seems essential that everything should be sung loudly. Consequently, the *forte* climaxes, weak enough to begin with by reason of the vast building, are still further discounted. Whether the dragging pace and the continuous *forte* may be tradition I cannot tell. Mr. Manns is such a splendid artist that I can hardly believe he would accept a tradition coming through such a non-conductor of the artistic as the late Costa. But a tradition is such a Medusa-head, and has such a fatal trick of petrifying one who looks on it, that I feel rather less certain that I could wish about this.

The choruses then were, I own, to me a great disappointment, and it was hardly lessened by some slips—not frequent, but painful enough when they did occur, and the unsatisfactory tone of the tenors, which I previously referred to. But the solos were just what might be expected; that is to say, the singers, knowing that artistic singing was utterly out of place and would be entirely lost in such a building and (I suspect) upon such an audience, let themselves "go," and tried to fetch down the house by top notes at the finish and other antiquated vulgarities. Madame Albani especially, offended in this way, while Miss Marian McKenzie and Mr. Ben Davies were least annoying. As for Mr. Santley, I do not deny that he may have been a very fair singer some twenty years since, but I decline to give any opinion on his singing in the *Messiah*. It may be noted that after giving the recitative "Thus saith the Lord," he resigned the following song, "But who may Abide," into Miss McKenzie's hands.

All the solos, and, indeed, all the choruses, sounded exactly as though they came from the vigorous internal parts of a phonograph, and made one realize how far one was from the singer. This effect would, perhaps, not be so obtrusive in the body of the hall, but it was present in all the galleries. That such an effect is incompatible with any genuine artistic results may be guessed easily enough, and it seems to me a matter for real regret that the hard work of so many excellent men should, in the end, produce so little that is worth producing. I have given my opinion unwillingly. But the fact that many honest men and women from the provinces find something to applaud in a Handel Festival performance cannot alter my feeling that the thing is inartistic, and good endeavour wasted.

#### Second Day : Selection.

—:o:—

THIS was the programme on Wednesday, June 27 :—

##### PART I.—SACRED.

##### OVERTURE.

\*Chorus ... { Let our glad songs to Heaven ascend.  
O celebrate His sacred name.  
Allelujah.

##### SELECTION.

Recitative My arms! against this Gorgias will I go.  
Air ... Sound an alarm.  
Mr. Edward Lloyd.

##### Chorus ...

We hear,  
Recitative O let eternal honours.

Air ... From mighty Kings.

Madame Albani.

Duet ... O lovely Peace.

Madame Clara Samuella and Miss Marian McKenzie.

##### SELECTION.

Recitative Deeper and deeper still.

Mr. Ben Davies.

\*Chorus ... How dark, O Lord, are Thy decrees.

Air ... Waft her, Angels.

Mr. Ben Davies.

##### SELECTION.

Air ... Let the bright Seraphim.

Madame Melba.

Air ... Honour and arms.

Mr. Santley.

##### SELECTION.

Recitative 'Tis well; six times the Lord hath

Mr. Ben Davies. [been obey'd.]

##### March.

Solo and Chorus Glory to God.

Mr. Ben Davies.

Trio and Chorus See, the conquering hero comes

Miss Ella Russell, Madame Clara Samuella, and

Miss Marian McKenzie.

Interval of forty minutes.



## PART II.—SECULAR.

\*Concerto in D, for Strings, Oboes, Bassoons, and Organ.

Organ—Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.

The Nightingale Chorus May no rash intruder.

Recitative ... Frondi tenere.

Air ... Ombra mai fu.

Madame Albani.

Air ... Love in her eyes.

Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Chorus ... Wretched lovers.

\*Air ... Vinto è l'Amor.

Miss Ella Russell.

Recitative ... Folle è colui.

Air ... Nasce al bosco.

Mr. Santley.

Sonata in A, for Violin.

(By special desire. Played by 220 Violinists of the Orchestra.)

Recitative ... First and chief, on golden wing.

Air ... Sweet bird.

Madame Melba.

Flute Obligato—Mr. Albert Fransella.

Recitative ... His hideous love provokes my rage.

Air ... Love sounds th' alarm.

Mr. Ben Davies.

## SELECTION.

Air ... But oh! what art can teach.

Miss Ella Russell.

Organ Obligato—Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.

Recitative Solo But Bright Cecilia.

Chorus ... As from the power.

Miss Ella Russell.

The pieces marked thus \* had not been performed at any preceding Handel Festival.

The three first movements of the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio* contain some of the most genial and beautiful music Handel ever wrote. The oratorio itself is the most curious of compounds, and was written and performed for "political reasons," and had not, so far as I am aware, any particular effect. The overture was magnificently played under Mr. Manns, and the chorus insisted on hearing the most commonplace portion, the march, again, and the conductor, for some strange reason, yielded to their demand. As soon as we got to the next number, the final chorus from *Deborah*, the annoyance of Monday recommenced. Handel never conceived anything finer than the middle section, "O celebrate his sacred name," but taken at the special Festival Adagio pace, it was simply killed. *Deborah* was written in 1783—that is, when Handel had been in England twenty-one years. It might be thought that he would then know the language as well as he was ever likely to know it—yet he sets "Allelujah" as a word of three syllables, "Alle" counting as one only. The secret is that he had then set few English words—for all his operas were of course in Italian; but as he did more oratorios he became more accurate in that respect, though he was never above twisting a word to suit a musical phrase.

Mr. Edward Lloyd is not a formidable looking person, and when he came on and said excitedly, "My arms! against this Gorgias will I go," one felt inclined to say, "Now don't—you'll only heat yourself and perhaps get hurt, or, worse still, you may end the day in a police cell." But Mr. Lloyd was inexorable, and went on to direct a person or persons unknown to "Sound an alarm, the silver trumpets sound," until he worked up the chorus to such a pitch of excitement that when they could remain quiet no longer and shouted, "We hear, we hear!" they actually got sharp, and I fancy a couple of dozen of the tenors (which is a small number amongst so many) creaked on the high notes. Madame Albani sang "From mighty kings" better than I had dared to hope; and Clara Samuelli and Marian McKenzie gave "O lovely peace" with such expression as the circum-

stances permitted. But this duet is out of place, as an isolated number; except as a relief to the general rowdy and warlike atmosphere which prevails in *Judas Maccabeus* it is tedious.

"This Oratorio was written at the desire of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was intended as a compliment to the Prince's brother, William, Duke of Cumberland, on the suppression of the Stuart rebellion of 1745 by the battle fought at Culloden on the 16th of April, 1746. The libretto was by the learned Dr. Thomas Morell. Handel commenced the composition on 9th July, 1746, and worked with his usual celerity, completed it on 11th August following. It was first performed, at Covent Garden Theatre, on 1st April, 1747, and received with decided approval; and from that time until the composer's death it was repeated no fewer than thirty-one times at his own concerts, besides being given either entire or in part at many provincial performances. Subsequently to its first production, Handel made many alterations in, and additions to, the work, one of them being the introduction of the popular chorus, "See, the conquering hero comes," originally written, in the summer of 1747, for the Oratorio of *Joshua*, and it was as an addition to *Judas* that his latest composition was produced. The tenor songs of the hero, like those of most of Handel's Oratorios, were written for the renowned English vocalist, John Beard."

*Jephtha* was written in 1751, in snatches at various times, as Handel's failing eyesight permitted, extending from January 21 to August 30. A facsimile of the original score has been published by Dr. Chrysander, and the enormous number of corrections, the irregular writing, and the various shorthand methods used to save labour, show the difficulty the composer had to get his notions upon paper at this time. "Deeper and Deeper Still" is fairly clean, and the same may be said of the chorus "How dark, O Lord, are Thy decrees." But "Waft her, angels, to the skies," had evidently given Handel great trouble. He begins to alter at the beginning, bars five and six being crossed out and rewritten; while three and a half pages have been "roughed in" and then rejected. The words are prime nonsense; yet Handel makes most magnificent effects even of this:—

"Yet on this maxim still obey (*sic*)  
Whatever is, is right."

Mr. Ben Davies sang his recitative and air well and effectually, but the whole of the lengthy chorus was intolerably tedious.

The solo trumpet part was finely played by Mr. Morrow, and the voice part as freely sung by Madame Melba. Indeed this was one of the most agreeable items on the long programme. Dr. A. H. Mann, writing about it some time since, remarked:—"With regard to another fine Oratorio—viz., *Samson*, which was, according to Handel's own dates, written about September and October, 1742—there is a page of music here which shows that he had thought of the work long before. It is the first four bars of "Let the bright seraphim," written as a chorus for S.A.T.B., with string and oboe accompaniments. A word-book of this oratorio is in a Cambridge Library, wherein the work ends with a "Grand Chorus" of six lines, commencing with the words "Let the bright seraphim in burning row," etc., finishing with:

"Let their celestial concerts all unite,  
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light."

One of the most astonishing things in the scene from *Joshua*, commencing "Tis well; six times the Lord hath been obeyed," is the extraordinary grammar into which the librettist, Dr. Morell, was betrayed by the strength of the divine afflatus!—

"... the strong cemented walls,  
The tottering towers ... falls!"

Well might he write a mark of exclamation after such an achievement. From the continuation of the nonsense (and it goes from absurdity to absurdity) Handel has made one of his most tremendous choruses, "The nations tremble," so admired by Papa Haydn. The effective is got by the voices singing four quavers, on the same note, to the syllable *trem*. Mr. Ben Davies had an ungrateful task in "Glory to God," but did his best; and "The nations tremble" was only weakened, like everything else, by the ridiculously slow pace adopted. The trio and chorus "See, the conquering hero comes," with which the scene ends, are familiar to every one. Handel was an incorrigible borrower. When he was not "sifting" some one else's music he was stealing his own. In that way "See the conquering hero comes" found its way into *Judas Maccabeus*.

Of the two instrumental numbers that occurred in the second part—why, by the way, should a concerto or sonata be necessarily secular? Was the overture to *Saul*, when originally written as a sonata, secular, and did it become sacred when its composer stole it from itself for the purpose for which it now exists?—of these numbers there is little to be said. The concerto in D is not the most interesting of the oboe set; and though the sonata is a fine composition when played as a sonata, the true character of the music is entirely lost when the costermonger's idea of having it played on "220 violins" is carried out. One wonders what person of undeveloped tastes "desired" that it should be repeated in this unjustifiable form.

"May no rash intruder," is one of the most lovely things in music. The flutes give a conventional-ornament kind of imitation of the singing of birds; while the drowsy, lulling, effects are generated by precisely the same machinery, so to speak, as the clamour in "Why do the nations." "Solomon" (from which this chorus is taken) was composed in the year 1748, between the 11th July and 9th August. In noting its completion on the latter day, Handel has added a memorandum of his being then sixty-three years of age. It was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday, 17th March, 1749. The chorus now selected, popularly known as the Nightingale Chorus, is one sung by the attendants of Solomon on his retiring from the cares of state to the domestic privacy of his garden.

The next pieces are taken from Handel's opera, *Serse* or *Xerxes*. The composer was overwhelmed with debt, in the worst possible health, and had finished *Pharamond*, one of his most beautiful operas, only a couple of days before commencing this. It is not surprising, therefore, that *Xerxes* is Handel's best vein. Even that devout admirer of all the Italian operas, our good friend Burney, says, "Handel's muse does not seem to have been in good humour again until the end of the seventh scene."

He was neither in health, prosperity, or spirits when it was composed; appearances remain in his full score of a mind disturbed, if not diseased. *Xerxes* was, indeed, the last effort in the long struggle described in THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC for February, 1894. Handel even stooped so low as to compete with *The Beggar's Opera* by writing a part for a comic man, a servant, Elviro. But the fun is slow, and the opera made no success when performed on April 15, 1738. But the air "Ombra mai fu," is a gem, though it never became popular until published as the "Largo in G." Then singers hastened to sing it. On this occasion the singer was Madame Albani.

There are only two other numbers of which anything need be said. The last piece on the programme is the concluding solo and chorus



from the St. Cecilia Ode, and is a truly splendid inspiration. The greater part of the audience were making for the railway station before it was received. There must be quite a large number of people who have never heard the "Amen" in the *Messiah*, or, indeed, the concluding number of any great work. It is a funny notion. Can't you, O gentle reader, who never run away until after the very last chord, imagine the astonishment of (say) Sir John Gilbert, if some one called to see a statue of his, and then, after studying it, inch by inch, from the head down to the ankles, were to say, "Thank you, I'm ever so much obliged; but I must really call and see the feet another day when I have not to be home to dinner"? The other number is the song from *L'Allegro*. The lively Jennens thought he could improve Milton, just as Shadwell made *Timon of Athens* "into a play," which Shakespeare, by reason of his "barbarism," was unable to accomplish. Jennens' method of improving is interesting. He plays *L'Allegro* off against *Il Penseroso*, and then steps in with his own *Il Moderato*, which settles the conflict in the favourite British way of compromise.

"Come, with native lustre shine,  
Moderation, grace divine,  
Whom the God of Nature gave  
Mad mortals from themselves to save."

There is a good deal of this sort of thing, which Handel informed Mr. Jennens the people of quality admired vastly. The finest music, to do Handel justice, is set to Milton's poetry, not Jennens' doggerel. "Sweet bird" is an "imitative song": that is, the flute flourishes about as never bird did since the fowls of the air were created, and duets prettily, but absurdly, with the voice. If the words were in Chinese or some other unknown tongue, so that no one could possibly understand them, it would be possible to enjoy the song, especially if Madame Melba sang it.

### THIRD DAY: ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

A selection from the Funeral Anthem, and *Israel in Egypt*, occupy the attention of Handel's devotees as we go to press. Notice, therefore, must be held over until our next issue.

### TO SUM UP.

When I come to think, I have already summed up the Handel Festival of 1894, as far as I dare. Perhaps I may add that it is a thing to be seen rather than heard. The enormous gathering of the people is impressive. It is only when one reflects on the results produced by the performers, and the way those results are received by the audience, that the affair becomes anticlimactic. That better choral effects can be achieved in that building I cannot hope; and it is certain that first-class solo singing is even more out of the question. It would seem that the Triennial Handel Festival does us more credit as Handel enthusiasts than as a "musical nation." None the less must we acknowledge the immense work and ability of manager, secretary, and conductor; and the enthusiasm of the chorus singers, who come from the remotest parts of England to make a success of what is, after all, our only ENGLISH musical festival.

It is related of Handel that on first hearing the musical instrument known as the serpent he took a great dislike to its sounds, and inquired "Vat de tefel be dat?" and being informed that it was called a serpent, he replied, "Oh! de serbent, ay; but it be not de serbent dat setuced Eve."

## Interview with Handel.

—:o:—

**H**OW I came to be locked into the Crystal Palace on the evening of "Selection Day," I cannot imagine. Perhaps I was nervous at first; but I quickly realized the situation, and decided that to curl up somewhere and go to sleep until morning and the attendants came was my line in life. So I bungled about, trying to find a mat, or crocodile, or anything pleasant to lie on, when a voice said,—

"Vat! you tread on mine toes?"

Nothing could be seen, nothing could be felt, only the voice could be heard. About three-and-a-half gallons of cold water went down my back, and I froze to the spot. The voice again said,—

"Vat for you no stand off mine toes?"

My voice shook with terror as I managed to get out an apology.

"You sorry; den get off mine toes!"

This was emphatic, and I stood back. A ray of moonlight shot in at that moment, and I saw a vague outline, which gradually became clearer, and I realized that I had been giving annoyance to the mighty Handel himself. I was more nervous than ever, but endeavoured to explain that I could feel nothing.

"Feel noddings!" he interrupted, "of course, you feel noddings: but me, I feel somedings. You hat no pisness on mine toes, I tell you!"

There was nothing for it. The subject had to be changed. I hadn't courage enough to kill a fly with, but woefully managed to utter,—

"Mr. Handel, were you at the Cambridge performance of the *Messiah*, as you intended it to be done?"

Whizz! went something through the air. Handel jumped at me, and passed round me, and was now standing on the other side. He glared angrily for a moment, then broke out into laughter—and very unearthly it sounded in that vast empty space.

"Shomp is no goot," he said, "no goot! I tolt der singer to shomp, and he not shomp; I shomp, and it's no goot vateffer!"

Then he paused a moment, and coming nearer to me, said,—

"Toctor Mann is mine ferry goot fren, but the *Messiah* vas not as I intended it. Coro far too big, I tell you, far too big! But Toctor Mann, mine very goot fren, but Manns," he continued, hissing the final s, "is not so goot mine fren. Four thousand far too big."

He then made some remarks about the performances, which it would really be risky to print. I then led him on to a Handel number published by a contemporary some months ago. He raged again.

"Dey know noddings about me," he said.

"Well," I said, apologetically, "the editor might have written an ode on you, as he did about Beethoven."

Handel wanted to know more about this, and as I have always carried a copy of that ode since it appeared, which I read to keep up my spirits when they get low, I took it out and declaimed it.

"And he not write de ode apout me?" he said; "he, too, is mine goot fren; goot fren not to write de ode."

"Now, Mr. Handel," I said, "I am aware I am touching on delicate matters; but would you tell me something about these borrowings of yours?"

There was a flash of lightning, and Handel

was gone; and the—but no, the ordinary way of getting free of a situation like this is too ancient and threadbare. So this ghost-story shall just have no finish at all.

## A Minor Handel Festival.

DR. MANN'S PERFORMANCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

—:o:—

**B**Y his will, Handel left to the Foundling Hospital a score and set of parts "of my Oratorio called the *Messiah*."

The score is a well-known one, in the handwriting of Christopher Smith, with Handel's own annotations and corrections. But no one seems to have dreamed of looking out the parts, which therefore remained unknown. However, Dr. Mann, organist of King's College, Cambridge, is as thorough a Handelian as Mr. Arthur Balfour or Mr. Samuel Butler could wish. It was his intention to give a performance of the *Messiah* under as nearly as possible Handelian conditions; and it struck him that he might learn something more about those conditions if he could see the parts—every score and its peculiarities he already knew by heart. He wrote to the "authorities" at the Foundling for permission to ransack the home of the father-and-motherless babe in search of the parts, which no living man had seen. The "authorities" were doubtless much amused when they heard that some one was mad enough to wish to do such a thing; but they were good natured, as became superior persons, and granted Dr. Mann's supplication. Now Dr. Mann had already been in communication with Mr. Ebenezer Prout with regard to this matter; and on a fateful day these two gentlemen entered the gates of the Foundling without thanksgiving and—but no, this sentence is growing too long. They entered, and they ferreted, and they rummaged; and behold! in an unheard-of cupboard, in an unheard-of parcel, they chanced upon the parts, which seem to have lain there since they were carried to the Foundling soon after Handel's death.

It may be supposed that the first move on the part of Messrs. Mann and Prout was to form a theory. Nothing of the sort. They had the courage to look at the parts first, and there found something better than any number of theories. They discovered the oboe and bassoon parts, which are not in any score; they satisfied themselves that there never had been any horn parts, and, as the Foundling accounts prove that there were horn-players at the last performance under Handel's direction, it seemed obvious that the horns played the trumpet parts an octave lower; and, finally, they established beyond doubt the fact that the Handelian band was larger than the chorus.

Dr. Mann's hope had been to give a performance, as I said, with the chorus and orchestra of Handel's day. This turned out to be an order of the largest possible magnitude. He had already a chorus of (I believe) a couple of hundred singers, and to keep to the Handelian proportions would necessitate a band of about two hundred and fifty. On the other hand, if he reduced his chorus, he would in all probability be assassinated in the peaceful streets of Cambridge at an early date. For Dr. Mann's Festival Choir is an Institution (with the largest capital I), and in this free country of ours no one tampers with an institution and goes scathless. Again, unless the chorus were reduced to



the Handelian numbers, viz. 22 or 24, all the oboe and bassoon players in Europe would be required; for the parts prove that Handel set four oboes to play with his six sopranos, and four horns with his six basses. These and (I suppose) other considerations of the sort compelled Dr. Mann to depart from his original plan. He kept his chorus; but he enlarged his band, engaging four oboes and four bassoons. The former were of the modern sort, and being very much more penetrating than the mellow, broad-reed instruments used by Handel, were quite powerful enough—at any rate, for modern ears,—as the present writer can testify. Another departure from the Handel model was the abandonment of the horns; and no one who knows the extremely painful effect of two horns doubling two trumpets in the lower octave will regret it. But the original intention was adhered to in other respects. The piano—unfortunately not the harpsichord—was largely used to “fill in”; and in various numbers departures were made from present-day custom, and these I will deal with in turn.

The performance was fixed for June 13, at 2.30 (in the afternoon). The writer lives in the modern Babylon, and desired to attend the rehearsal at 10.30 or thereabouts. That necessitated getting up at seven and catching the 8.45 train from Liverpool Street, for which, by the way, the railway “authorities” issued special “Dr. Mann’s Festival Tickets” at a reduced rate that was “grateful and comforting.” A musical critic is less charming than ever at seven in the morning; but the rush to Liverpool Street, that unexpected reduction, and the fact that the train started without some other critics, who were left foaming on the platform, made me (say) less and less inclined to be severe as we sped through mist and rain to Cambridge. That resort of hobble-de-hoydom does not make a good first impression on a chill and rainy morning, and, to tell the truth, I felt that no good performance of the *Messiah* or any other work was possible in such a dismal place. The outside of King’s College Chapel was especially gloomy. The doorkeeper wanted to keep me outside, but I first forced my way in, and then mentioned my wish to enter. It appeared there were stringent orders to admit no unprivileged mortal while the rehearsal was in progress; but as soon as the very courteous honorary secretary of the Festival Choir came on the scene, I realized that I was a privileged mortal, and strutted accordingly. I was admitted. The chapel is, roughly, divided in two halves by the huge screen on which the organ is built. The screen is pierced by a passage, which is curtained to stop draughts. But the draughts were energetic on that chilly morning of June 13, and the curtains were blowing about the faces of the tenor and bass gentlemen on the far side of the screen. And through the doorway I got my first glimpse of Dr. A. H. Mann, baton in hand, vigorously taking the band and chorus through a strictly academical “treatment” of that dreariest of hymn-tunes, *Rockingham*, specially “treated” for the occasion in the finest Cambridge Stanford-cum-Fux manner by Dr. Alan Gray. Then I went round, through sundry damp and evil-smelling chapels, in one of which the hydraulic engine that makes the pealing organ to blow is visible to the naked eye, and so to the choir, where my seat for the afternoon was situate. Dr. Mann evidently had his work cut out, for that exercise of Dr. Alan Gray’s was not over-stimulating, and neither chorus nor orchestra went at it as they did at the Handel choruses later. However, it’s a long lane that has no turning, and presently they got to work upon the *Messiah*. On the most part, were rehear-

struck with the rapid clearness with which Dr. Mann made all hands understand what he wanted, and I foresaw that the performance was to be a good one, despite damp, cold, and the academical atmosphere of the place.

I was not disappointed. Shortly before 2.30 I formed the humble member of a long and close-packed stream of people who penetrated through the little side chapels into the choir seats. My own particular seat I could not find. Wherefore I begged the aid of a majestic and ecclesiastical individual, who evidently regarded us all as worms. What he said I do not know, but it overwhelmed me with a sense of my littleness, and left me further than ever from knowing my seat. So I asked a fellow-worm for directions, which were cheerfully given. As soon as I was comfortably sat down to watch others struggle as I had just done I ruminated to this purpose: That first majestic person is a bishop, or perhaps an archbishop, and the second one is a verger, who I must tip if I can see him: I was wrong. Present inquiry showed me that the first was the verger, and the second the bishop. But I digress. The congregation were hardly seated before the service commenced. Luckily for those of us who would hardly come from London to listen to a service, it was not long, being chiefly taken up by that already mentioned “treatment” of *Rockingham*, and a couple or so of psalms. These past, Dr. Mann and his army at once got to work, and in a few minutes I was rejoicing in traditions set at nought and Mozart disregarded. After the Discovery of the Foundling parts he is a bold (and probably bad) man who dare say a word for tradition; and after Dr. Mann’s performance even Mozart’s great name does not justify us in continuing to sing the *Messiah* with his additional accompaniments. The slow introduction to the overture was played twice, at about the usual pace; but instead of first loud and then soft, it was first given *piano* and *senza ripienos*, and repeated with *ripienos* and loudly. The fugue sounded much as usual. But in “Comfort ye” Mr. Gawthrop had not the organ to add dignity to his utterance of “Saith your God,” its place being taken by the piano. This will most likely surprise many excellent people who have become accustomed to the continuous boom, boom of the sixteen-feet pedals throughout the work; but I may assure them the piano is a very distinct improvement, if, as it was on this occasion, it is a mellow-toned instrument, with the percussion not too much in evidence, and (this is the chief thing of all) artistically played. As I said, Dr. Mann used the piano to “fill in” throughout, evidently holding that Handel used the harpsichord for this purpose. The organ was only used for special effects, such as the climaxes in the choruses, and when it did peal out—why, it fairly swept you away. So far as the soloists are concerned, for they are never buried under a load of diapason (or, worse, as sometimes happens) swell reed tone. This was even more noticeable in “Every valley,” which was fairly well sung; and in “But who may abide,” really finely given by Mr. Bantock Pierpoint. But the greatest improvement of all was in “He was despised” and “O Thou that tellest.” These were really excellently rendered by Miss Jessie King, a genuine artist, who will (I hope and prophesy) speedily become better known than she is just now. The splendid broad passages which occur at “Behold your God” in the second of these two songs were not spoiled by the vagaries set by Mozart for the flute to inflict on our suffering ears, and in the first there were no clarinets and bassoons to cover the

must not set this down entirely to the original orchestration being adhered to, for much of the credit was, as I have implied, due to Miss King, who hit the happy mean between maudlin “tears in the voice” and blank insensibility.

The soprano did not have so many opportunities of shining more than usual. But I may note that this lady, whose name I regret has escaped me, sang in “I know that my Redeemer liveth” with artistic effect, and was fully equal to the florid difficulties of “Rejoice greatly.”

But to get back to my plan of hastily running through the work, it may be said that the chorus, “And the glory,” was energetically given by the Festival Choir, and the absence of clarinets was hardly noticeable, though the organ came crashing in at the *fortissimos* in a manner that must have delighted Handel’s spirit, which, depend upon it, was hanging about on so important an occasion. I have already referred to “But who may abide.” The departure from the customary orchestration was nowhere more evident than the “And He shall purify.” Dr. Mann took this briskly, with plenty of emphasis at the right places, the piano filling in. Consequently the gradual gathering of the voices, so to speak, was fully apparent, and the *tutti* passage, “That they may offer,” was tremendous. Mr. Pierpoint sang “For, behold! darkness shall cover the earth” with true expression, and those who did not hear the ensuing air, “The people that walked in darkness,” without Mozart’s luscious, luminous colour, simply have no idea of the picturesqueness of the song when done as Handel intended. “For unto us a child is born” was soft except at the shouts of “Wonderful, Counsellor!” (which thus gained immensely in emphasis) and at the last and *tutti* repetition of the first theme. The set of pieces forming the picture of the dark fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, the appearance of the angels and then of the heavenly host, which was *suddenly* with the angel; were exquisitely poetical, the *fortissimo* burst of “Glory to God” and the gradually melting away of the sounds at the last being alike dramatically appropriate. Passing now to the chorus, “His yoke is easy,” we had there another example of how well Handel sounds when sung as he intended. It is a one-climax chorus. Whereas “For unto us a child is born” has four points at which the excitement fairly boils over, “And He shall purify” two such places in “His yoke is easy” the emotion does not reach its highest, nor indeed a very high point, until the last fifteen or sixteen bars. As usually sung all the power of band and chorus is frittered away long before this point is reached. But Dr. Mann kept his people down. The piano filled up without thickening the general body of tone too much. The orchestra also was subdued. Then, after several small crescendos, all hands did all they knew at that last magnificent passage, and we realized, as Mozart said, that Handel could strike like a thunderbolt when he chose.

The next specially noteworthy point was the air, “Why do the nations so furiously rage together?” I should have referred earlier to the fact that owing to the low pitch of the King’s College organ all the soloists, but especially the contralto and bass, were seriously hampered. In this song Mr. Pierpoint did his best, but not so well as I have heard him under more favourable circumstances. But the special point is this. It is customary, as every one knows, to repeat the first part of the song after the words “And his anointed,” which conclude the second part. But the foundling score or parts (I forget which) direct the chorus “Let us break their bonds asunder” to follow after that second part, so that it seems there cannot have been any



repeat intended by Handel. Still, this is one of the questions about which no one can be certain or dogmatic. On the one hand we have one score or set of parts, and on the other a number of other scores, and evidence of the form used. For it certainly was the custom to repeat the first part of songs written in this form. Dr. Mann chose to make no repeat, and "the end justified the means." Undoubtedly it is anticlimactic to have the first part again, while the sudden entry of the chorus, in the key of C immediately after a cadence in E minor, gives the thing a new lease of life. Again, this course is more sensible when we take words into account. The first part, and of course, when the repeat is done, the whole song, ends with "Why do the people imagine a vain thing?" After that it is rather nonsensical to sing, "Let us break their bonds asunder," their bonds evidently referring to the bonds of the kings and rulers referred to in part second. But I am tumbling into a theological discussion for which my training as a musical critic has quite unfitted me. Wherefore I will merely add that the chorus following on the air sung without a repeat is immensely dramatic and as effective again as the usual style. The only person who will object to *this* becoming the usual style is

the bass soloists; for between our two selves, gentle reader, singers never do like a song that leads into a chorus—it spoils the applause!

The "Hallelujah" was especially majestic. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth" I heard for the first time the strange sobbing of the violins and, afterwards, the basses, in the passage Handel set to "The firstfruits of them that slept." The following numbers that are usually taken as quartets, were given to the chorus as Handel intended, and as the festival choir acquitted themselves well, singing in fairly accurate time, and a near approach to a genuine *pianissimo*, the effect was superb. The solo trumpet in "The trumpet shall sound" was played by Mr. Solomons on the long back weapon, exactly like the coach-horn familiar to Londoners in these days of "the revival of coaching." And it was finely played, though the result was terrible. Mr. Solomons turned the blast full upon my ears. Still, he had to play it upon some one, and I was not unwilling to bear my fair share. Then came the most tremendous achievement of all. It has been my lot to hear the *Messiah* more than once. Roughly, I have been present at one hundred and fifty performances, and I still love it. But until this memorable Cambridge performance I had never chanced

upon a conductor who seemed to appreciate the full splendour of "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and the "Amen." Dr. Mann did, and he brought it out with the result that one is compelled to reckon his performance the very finest on record. I will not attempt to describe it. It will be sufficient to refer to the change of the "shattering trumpets" at the end of the first, and the overwhelming effect attained by making the chorus *sing* instead of shout throughout the "Amen."

Thus ended a performance which is, I repeat, a memorable one. I went to Cambridge full of prejudice, for experience has taught me that a musical doctor is rarely a musician: I came away satisfied that at least one musician, Mr. A. H. Mann, was not destroyed when he became a musical doctor. I was satisfied too, that a finer, more artistic performance of the *Messiah* had never been given, and delighted to think that I was one of the comparatively small number of persons who heard the *Messiah* as Handel intended it. The thanks of Cambridge, and the whole musical world, are due to Dr. A. H. Mann for the enthusiasm, energy and patience which he has devoted to showing us "the real" Handel.





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J. J. Bordonal-Brown



G. W. Holmes



Magazine of Music Supplement, July 1894.

# The blind Girl's Dream.

✱ Song by ✱

HENRY KNIGHT.

## TRIO and TEMA

by

J. S. BACH.

## Andante from Sonata in C

by

W. A. MOZART.

## THE SILVER SWAN.

Chorus by

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.



# THE BLIND GIRL'S DREAM.

SONG for a SOPRANO VOICE.

Written & Composed by  
Henry Knight.

VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

*cresc.*

had a dream di - vine - ly sweet, Of pure and price-less worth, — Me thought from Heav'n on

pin - ions fleet, Glad An - gels flew to earth, They came a-bout my lone - ly bed, A -

*p* *pp* *rall.*

mid a ra-diance bright, In pi - tying voices, soft - ly said "The morn shall bring thee

*mf* *p* *pp* *rall.*





light." *p* I woke the world a - round was dark, All

*a tempo* *sf* *p*

earth - ly joys were vain, I heard on high the tune - ful lark, Pour

*ad.*

forth his li - quid strain, bould feel God's u - ni - ver - sal care, His wis - dom re - cog -

*cresc.* *cresc.* *p*

nise, Yet, mid cre - a - tion vast and fair, Still mourned my sight - less eyes. Then

*mf* *p* *rall.* *a tempo*

once a - gain I sad - ly slept, While An - gels from a - bove, To

*pp* *p*



*ritard.*

soothe me ten - der vi - gil kept, And whisper'd words of love; *a tempo* To

*ritard.*

now the clouds of doubt de - part, My soul hath death-less sight, For

*cresc.*

God hath fill'd my long - ing heart, With His ce - les - tial light, For

God hath fill'd my long - ing heart, With His ce - les - tial, ce -

les - tial light.



## T R I O.

Overture No. 4.

J. S. BACH.

*sempre pp*

*cresc.*

*f*

*dim.*

*pp*

## T E M A.

Aria variata.

J. S. BACH.

*Andante.*

*n*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*decresc.*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*decresc.*

*p*



## SONATA IN C.

W. A. MOZART.

Andante.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of seven systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the instrument is 'PIANO.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings (f, p, f, p). The first system starts with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The first system includes a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a accompaniment. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fifth system features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a accompaniment. The sixth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The seventh system concludes the piece with a final cadence.



MOZART.

This page of musical notation, numbered 7 in the top right corner, features ten systems of music. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style typical of 18th-century manuscripts. The left margin contains the name "MOZART." and the right margin contains the page number "7".



# THE SILVER SWAN.

MADRIGAL for 5 VOICES.\*

Edited by  
GEO. F. GROVER.

Composed by  
ORLANDO GIBBONS, A.D. 1612.

**Larghetto.**

**1st SOPRANO.** *mf* The sil-ver swan who, liv-ing, had no note, *dim.* When death approached, un-locked her si-lent

**2nd SOPRANO.** *mf* The sil-ver swan who, living, had no note, *dim.* When death approached, un-locked her si-lent

**1st TENOR.** *mf* The sil-ver swan who, liv-ing, had no note, *dim.* When death approached, un-locked her si-lent

**2nd TENOR.** *mf* The sil-ver swan who, living, had no note, *dim.* When death approached, un-locked her si-lent

**BASS.** *mf* The sil-ver swan who, liv-ing, had no note, *dim.* When death approached, un-locked her si-lent, si-lent

**PIANO.** *mf*

**throat:** *p* Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the ree-dy shore, *cresc.* Thus sang her first and last, and sang no

**throat:** *p* Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the ree-dy shore, *cresc.* Thus sang her first and last, and sang, and sang no

**throat:** *p* Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the ree-dy shore, *cresc.* Thus sang her first and last, and sang no

**throat:** *p* Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the ree-dy shore, *cresc.* Thus sang her first and last, and sang no

**throat:** *p* Lean-ing her breast a-gainst the ree-dy shore, *cresc.* Thus sang her first and last, and sang no

**more.** *p* Farewell all joys, *cresc.* O death, come close mine eyes, *dim.* More geese than swans now live, more fools than win

**more.** *p* Farewell all joys, *cresc.* O death, come close mine eyes, *dim.* More geese than swans now live, more fools, more fools than win

**more.** *p* Farewell all joys, *cresc.* O death, come close mine eyes, *dim.* More geese than swans now live, more fools than win

**more.** *p* Farewell all joys, *cresc.* O death, come close mine eyes, *dim.* More geese than swans now live, more fools than win

**more.** *p* Farewell all joys, *cresc.* O death, come close mine eyes, *dim.* More geese than swans now live, more fools than win

\* Should be sung without accompaniment.

